Next Week: THE SIEGE WAR CRY.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year. No. 20. WILLIAM BOOTH General TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1901. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.

Victoria, the Great and Good Queen.

LETTER FROM THE GENERAL.

My dear Comrades and Friends—

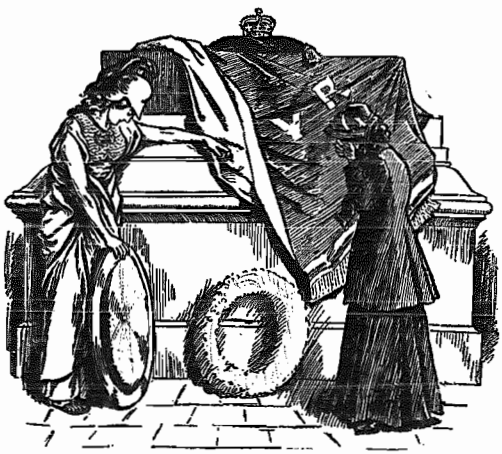
Queen Victoria is dead. Although respected and beloved throughout the world, above, perhaps, any Monarch who ever sat upon an earthly throne, she has passed away. By the mercy of God, her life has been prolonged beyond the period usually allotted to man, for she has been with us for 82 years, and her reign has been very much longer than that of the majority of rulers; but on Tuesday last, at half-past six in the evening, the great King, in Whose hand are the issues of life and death, called her into His presence.

The first reflection of multitudes upon her life will be that Her Majesty has stood out before all men as a remarkable example of the mercy of God. From her very infancy she has been a special vessel of His loving care. Her wisdom has been marked of all men; her health has been a constant wonder; her spirits have been remarkably bright; her courage has never failed her, even in the face of great calamities. In fidelity to the highest interests of the nation she has never faltered. Her Majesty has nobly served the country over which she has reigned in particular, and has rendered equally important service to the whole world by the noble and courageous stand she has taken for purity and honor in her court. It is very difficult, perhaps it is impossible, for us to imagine from how great a peril the nation has been preserved by the high standard and the beautiful model she has offered in this matter.

Queen Victoria has also presented to the nation a conspicuous example of moral courage. Regardless of the doubt and unbelief prevalent around her, she again and again boldly recognized Jehovah as the God of the nation, calling upon her people to unite with her in appealing to Him for deliverance, for mercy, for blessing in the various national crises that have occurred during her occupancy of the throne. While acting strictly in harmony with the provisions of the Constitution which she swore at her coronation to uphold, she had never hesitated to show herself on the side of those whom she felt to be wronged, and, disregarding consequences, to use the great influence which her exalted position gave her to direct the minds of her statesmen to the courses she thought right.

She has been a friend of the poor; she recognized their existence; she sympathized with them in their poverty; she took her own share as an individual in alleviating their sorrows, visiting their homes, caring liberally for her own dependents, and combining with the manifestation of the most queenly dignity the most simple and natural interest in the sorrows and sufferings of her humblest subjects. She has for many years been interested in the Salvation Army, and quite early in its history she did not hesitate both to manifest that interest and express her deep sympathy with its work, although up to that time very few of the noble and the mighty of the land had said a kind word about it.

Queen Victoria reigned over the hearts of her people. She was a woman of sorrow for the greater part of her life. Forty years she has been a widow in bereavement, and in loneliness a widow indeed. She lived to see the friends of her early years taken from her one by one, illustrating the saying that one great drawback to the advantages of old age is the severance by death from so many of your loved ones. But nothing turned her aside from her duty. Up to within a few days of her death, regardless alike of her afflictions, her personal feelings, and her growing infirmities, she said by her actions—"I must serve my people while life lasts. I must finish the work God has given me to do."



During her life, and under her rule, the nation has enjoyed a period of unexampled prosperity. However we may mourn the prevalence of indifference on the part of the multitudes to the claims of God, and the growth of unbelief among the higher and more educated classes, there has been a marked advance in many things which have to do with both the moral and physical welfare of the people. The poor have been better clothed, housed, and fed. The condition of the children of the poor has been improved, alleviated, and advanced, and the standard of honor in the intercourse between man and man has been raised.

There have been striking advances in the missionary enterprise. The circulation of the Scriptures has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and we have seen remarkable religious developments, amongst which prominently stands forth the Salvation Army.

Now for the future! What an opportunity devolves on the King of England and the noble princess who will take her stand by his side as his Consort and Queen. Long may they live, and wisely may they reign over this great Empire!

The Salvation Army will sympathize with them in their responsible and exalted position, and pray that they may have grace to reign in righteousness, and prove a blessing to unnumbered millions for time and for eternity.

Now, comrades and friends, what about the last chapter in your history? What record are you going to leave behind you? What are you doing with your lives, humble and simple though they may be? Though you may be limited to a very small circle, may never be known by as many hundreds of people as the Queen had millions of subjects, God has called you to be a King and to show yourself strong and courageous for Him. Up! do your work, and be ready for the Master's call!

William Booth

Bristol, January 23rd, 1901.

THE DRUNKARD.

What left him void of reason and control ?
A chattering idiotic shape ? A ruined soul ?
What drove the sparkle from those eyes ?
What loosed that maudlin tongue ?
What caused that hectic flush to rise,
That hectic flush, and nerve unstrung ?

What banished pity from that breast?
What lulled that conscience to its rest?
What kindled but to waste that brain?
What quickened but to clog the mind ?
What dyed that cheek to leave the stain
Of guilt and shame behind ?

What fanned the latent fires of hate
To fury's maddened state ?
What aimed the deadly bow
The helpless hand must strike ?
The blow that fell on friend or foe,
On friend or foe alike.

Faith, Hope, and Love. The Solemn Vow,
Alas ! Alas ! Where are they now ?
Where are the safeguards of the soul?
Why must those life stars sink ?
Who shall answer ? Call the roll.
Who shall answer for the curse of Drink ?

Jim Hanson's Case.

By ADJT. McGILL.

The readers of the War Cry who were interested in the account of the conversion, confession, trial, and sentence of Jim Hansen (an Indian), at Skagway, Alaska, will be pleased to learn that President McKinley has changed the sentence of death to life-imprisonment at the request of a number of petitioners, chief among whom was Judge Brown, who had no alternative but to pronounce the death-sentence, and General Friedrich, who conducted the prosecution.

The Attorney-General of the United States, after becoming fully acquainted with the case, declared it to be "the most remarkable criminal case in the annals of American jurisprudence."

A summary of the case will refresh the memories of those who read the story of Jim Hansen in the War Cry last August, and will help those who did not read it to better understand how this poor Indian magnified the grace of God. While the dark clouds gathered thick about him, deserted by his own people, alone, yet by faith he could see through and beyond the clouds, and said, "God told me to tell all and keep nothing in silence."

The Story is This.

A white man and wife were murdered by a party of eleven Indians, who agreed to keep it a secret for ever. But Jim Hansen, one of the party, got converted, confessed, all were arrested, a long trial followed. The whole tribe turned against the one who confessed. The best legal talent was enlisted against him. Ah, those days, will I ever forget them ? Poor Jim never wavered from his first confession, but was sentenced to die. Months of uncertainty followed.

A letter to hand from Sitka jail tells the rest of the story :

Sitka, Alaska.
Dec. 31st, 1900.

Dear friend Mr. McGill,—

I am very glad to hear from you today. I praise the Lord I am very well indeed, and I will tell you about myself in here. I thank God that He hear my prayers while I am in here.

You know how I love God's name, but now He give me more love from His Spirit to my heart. How happy I am when I got your welcome letter from you. It is just the same as I see you.

Dear Mr. McGill, you know how they sentenced me in Skagway. But now they stop it. They change it. Two trips more from now they will take me over to McNeil's Island, they told me.

I will tell you that Chilkat Chief is dead, and so is George White. You know he was in the jail with us.

I am your friend in Christ,
Jim Hansen.

Poor Jim Hansen. What a sad story, and yet out of its very sadness there comes that which appeals to our hearts, and an earnest desire takes possession of us, to be instrumental in the hands of God in answering that poor man's prayers. He does and will pray unceasingly for his people. Traditionary customs and superstitions sovern them, but patient love and persistent effort will be rewarded, and other hearts will as truly manifest a real change as the one whose conversion we have recorded, but there must be someone through whom God can talk to them and cause His light to shine to them.

In one of his letters to me, Jim Hansen says, "You know that I got in trouble all on account of the old fashions of the Indians, and now they are going to do the same things again. All my friends are going up again to Chilcat to do the old customs. It makes me feel very sorry. You know we put all our friends on God's side, and now the old fashion will put them in trouble. This is the thing makes me sorry. Write a letter to them and try to make them stop the old fashion. I am praying for all my friends. I wish that you would pray for them. I am sorry I don't give them any words to go in Christ, and to make them all think of Him, and I wish that you all Christians would pray."

Although confined on that lonely island in the Pacific, with many others who are serving long terms of imprisonment, five of whom are his companions in that awful crime, yet he is happy in God, not sullen, but cheerful and of a thankful spirit. He is most anxious to learn to read, so that he can read the Bible, and better tell his fellow-prisoners of Jesus Christ. Truly he is as one alive from the dead.

Among the B. C. Indians.

By ADJT. BOB SMITH.

One Indian was converted while on my way to Port Essington, not from heathenism, but from the curse of liquor, and the sins that follow in its trail. He had been at one time a good worker in God's work, but under stress of sorrow and temptation had fallen away, and during ten weeks he had 125 bottles of whiskey, and yet according to law he is prohibited from having it. He had a hard struggle to get the knowledge of his sins forgiven. Lying in bed, recovering from the delirium tremens, the devil seemed to be there in person, but faith in God brought victory. A woman also sought salvation in our meetings, and at the same time one of the soldiers had her husband in his house talking to him and got him saved, and he came to the barracks, where we had a Hallelujah wind-up. Two nights afterward another Zimshian, who was profusely perfumed with tobacco, and who had wandered from God for two years, came out to get saved. How miserable he looked, and after he prayed, asking God to have mercy upon him, he realized his sins forgiven, and turning his face towards heaven said, in his own language,

"Wilekahum Shimhoum Shinolgiat,"

meaning, "Great, true God," repeating it over two or three times.

Our boat did not leave Port Essington until Christmas morning for Simpson, arriving in Simpson at 3 p.m. We had a very good time on Christmas night. The barracks was packed. Bandmaster Knott and his carol singers gave us their Christmas anthems, taken from the Musical Salvationist, Miss Flewin, the Government Agent's daughter, playing the organ. The barracks was tastefully decorated, and I had the pleasure of presenting the new colors to the corps. Everybody seemed to enjoy their Christmas night. The singers were out early Xmas morning singing their carols. Thank God there ever came a Christ, for with Him came peace and good will to man. Hallelujah !

CONDENSED THOUGHTS.

T. T. LYNCH.

God is love. He that knows this theology needs no more.

Never complain of anything till you have asked God to explain it.

All debts due to God delight the soul in the payment of them.

Many are more conscious of their firmities than of their sins.

God is continually revealing His truth to us, yet not exhausting it.

Poverty may be the misfortune of the poor and the crime of the rich.

If you make a bad use of a good thing, it becomes in your case good for nothing.

Many believe in a sword, but not in the "Sword of the Spirit," which will smite all other swords.

There is a great deal of bad householding in religion ; there are many persons who feel as if they had spent their religion before their work is done.

We do not get rid of accidents by protesting ; they ought not to happen. Let us remember that those laws of nature by which we sometimes suffer are always at work, and for our advantage. The ocean waves carry a thousand ships at the very time they engulf one.

A Brand.

A poor man, who fell into bad habits, on being rescued, reformed, and converted, often spoke of himself as a "brand plucked from the burning."

"What do you mean by that ?" asked one of his former associates. "Come, go with us, and have one more drink."

"Look here," answered the man. "You know there is a difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark fall on a brand that has been partly burned it will soon catch fire again. Not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire ; and I dare not venture into the way of temptation for fear of being set on fire again."

All of us who trust that we have been saved by Christ are as brands. Hence, our own safety is in keeping as far as possible out of the way of temptation. Even indulgences that seem innocent may kindle anew the fire of unholy passions. A spark that falls harmless in a field of green grass may kindle a conflagration if it falls on a field of dry stubble.

No true man can live a half-life, when he has genuinely learned that it is a half-life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.—Phillips Brooks.

WHY A SIEGE ?

Because the enemy of man's soul is busy to damn it.

Because the weak are oppressed, and cry for deliverance.

Because widows and orphans need protectors.

Because drink makes inroads on homes and severs the most sacred ties of humanity.

Because infidelity, ingratitude, and immorality are rampant.

Because too many Christians are compromising with wrong.

Because desperate means are needed to conquer a desperate position.

War Cry Meetings.

We should be very grateful if officers would write the Editor their opinions of a monthly War Cry Meeting Page, similar to the one printed in our last issue ; especially would we like to hear from those who conducted the War Cry meeting. If it proves a useful and welcome feature we would take pains to continue the same in future.

Band of Love Classes.

We are anxious to do something more in the way of giving hints and instructions for Band of Love classes, and invite the personal correspondence of every B. of L. officer or Field Officer interested in it. Tell us your ideas, as well as what you think of the ambulance class, which is now running in the War Cry.

For B. of L. Officers Only.

For the encouragement of our Band of Love Sergeants who teach an ambulance class, we re-print the following incident, the truth of which we cannot guarantee :

"A teacher in one of Boston's public schools had instructed her pupils in hygiene and towards the end of the term, wishing to see how well they could remember, told them to each write a little story of the human body. The following is copied from the "story" one little boy handed her, with the confident assurance that he knew it was all right, for he had studied very hard over it :

The human body is divided into three parts, the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head coutains the brains, if there is any ; the thorax coutains the heart and the vital organs, and the abdomen the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, and n, and sometimes w and y."

The Star's Clever Guess.

"We are authorized to deny that Sir John Bourinot will edit the Culture Corner of the War Cry."—Toronto Star, Jan. 29, 1901.

For once the Star is right, even though neither Sir John Bourinot nor the War Cry Editor gave him authority for his statement. Still, among many guesses, a newspaper man nits the truth sometimes. For the Star's benefit we might say that the position of Editor of the Culture Corner of the War Cry is well filled, and in case of vacancy, truthfulness is considered the first qualification.

Mr. Moody on Believing.

It is fashionable now-a-days for people to say they can't believe. I like to press them on this point. I was once talking with a man, and he said :

"I can't believe."

Said I, "Whom ?"

"But I can't believe."

"Whom ?"

"You don't understand my case. I can't believe."

"Whom ?"

The man began to color and squirm around, and he said, "Mine is a peculiar case. I can't believe."

"Whom ?"

The man became more embarrassed, and he said, "You don't understand my case at all. I have a great many intellectual difficulties. There is a great many things I can't believe."

I kept on asking, "Whom ?" and finally the man broke down and said, "I can't believe myself."

Thank God for that ! When a man says he can't believe, the question is whether he can believe the Lord or not, and I just press him on that one point.

Men famishing for righteousness cannot be fed on flowers and rhetoric.

There is no character more contemptible than a man who is a fortune hunter.

THE EMBEZZLEMENT OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

By A. M. N.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH AND REMORSE.

Having taken one step downward, Henry Whiteliffe found atmost a pleasure in the second; and before he had been many weeks indulging in a course of fleshly gratification, he persuaded himself that it was perfectly natural, manly, and consistent with his position to be "one with society." He dreaded, above everything, being looked upon as a "crank," a "faddist," or a "soft."

He did not allow conscience to torture him, and, as we have already learned, his father encouraged rather than otherwise the formation of loose habits.

His sister soon realized her impotence to check her brother's career. The influence of his new and less-favored companions counter-balanced the effect of the good counsel which from time to time she gave him; and it was with an unspoken horror that she noted the frequency of his absence from home; his dexterity in extracting cheques from his father; the increase in the number of his associates, and the reckless abuse of his physical power. For it should be remembered all through this story that Henry Whiteliffe was of delicate make.

"There is no use in putting that boy into business," his father would often remark; "he has not the stamina to endure a month's strain in the office. Life with him will be a short span; he can have his fling of it."

Fast Life on the Continent.

And Henry, undoubtedly, did. He took a fancy for Continental life, and visited its principal watering-places and cities of gaiety. He spent hundreds of pounds in Paris, Nice, and Monte Carlo. He attended the chief regattas, sculling matches, and horse-races. He drank heavily and gambled freely, without, however, involving himself in liabilities that unduly tried the resources of his indulgent parent.

"I want £100, pater," he would say, with cool audacity, "to run down to the Riviera. This fog gives me a cough that will send me to the cemetery if I don't get it cured."

"Cert'nly, cert'nly," Mr. Whiteliffe would instantly reply; "and if that is not enough, take your usual credit-note"—an arrangement which invariably meant a plunge in the whirlpools of licentiousness.

There was a period when Fear, Shame, and Conscience were all dead, and he would laugh merrily at the idea that he was gliding on a dangerous stream.

In nothing, perhaps, is the skill of the devil more successful than in blinding and deadening the spiritual sense of young people who have means to spend in gratifying unprofitable and unholy inclinations. It was so with this young man.

A Fettered Will.

One evening, in particular, Henry's sister pleaded with him to remain at home, and as was her wont, she pointed out the reasonableness of her request. "It is in your own interest I ask you, dear."

"How do you make that out?" he replied chaffingly.

"Because you are forming loose, extravagant, and wicked habits."

"Oh! Father Doyle has been calling on you," he said, sneeringly.

"What if he has, Henry? You are breaking my heart; we have no mother, and we might as well be without a father, and you are rapidly drifting in a way that will end in the disgrace of us all," and Miss Whiteliffe sobbed and cried loudly.

"My God! Marjory, I had no idea that you felt so miserable as this. I won't go out to-night, nor to-morrow night, nor the night after. I shall stop in and play chess with you. Sister, for your sake, I'll turn over a new leaf. 'Pon my honor I will."

The strength of his honor was determined an hour later, when he rose from the chess-board to chat with Seymour, and then, under a contemptible pretence, begged leave to "break his promise just for this once!"

"My God! what can I do for the poor, weak boy?" she exclaimed, on hearing the gate bang, followed by the laughter of Seymour and other young men, who had evidently been waiting in the avenue for Whiteliffe and Seymour, to lead them in a night's frivolity. Was it in answer to this heart-breaking prayer of the sister that Henry was summoned from Boulogne a few weeks after to attend the death-bed of his father?

At any rate, Miss Whiteliffe cherished the hope that her father's death would open her brother's eyes at least to see that he must begin the battle of life on his own resources. But, alas! she was trusting, albeit sincerely, to a broken reed. She did not know the perverseness of human nature, and the hopelessness of saving a soul by the Voice of Death. True, Death is an eloquent preacher. Bereavement stops for a season the whirligig of pleasure. It recalls past misdeeds, and fills the unregenerated mind with

A Touch of Remorse.

a healthy dread of Sin and the Judgment.

A New Sensation.

But society has its own way of gilding the ugly. It treats Death in a fashionable way! Henry Whiteliffe found himself, an hour or two after death, discussing, with the interest that is aroused by a new sensation, the important question of his mourning suit, and the probable contents of his father's will. Seymour, the devil's agent-in-chief in the damnation of this delicate lad, was not far away on this occasion.

"For pity's sake, Mr. Seymour, can't you leave my brother alone on an occasion like this?" she pleaded, on finding him in the drawing-room the night following the day of the death. "You surely have not come to take Henry off to the Alhambra to-night!" she said, with a look of indignation and scorn.

Seymour knew how to reply. Gently bowing, curling his lip, and in a tone of subdued reproof, he said, "It grieves me, Miss Whiteliffe, to perceive that your appreciation of my standing as a gentleman should be of such a nature as to make you imagine me capable of such an insult to the memory of your dead father. I came to tender my sincere condolence with Henry, and to suggest that if I could be of any service—no matter how small— to him or the family, he could command me. For I do not forget, Miss Whiteliffe, that I owe him and you a big debt of gratitude. This is not a time of mirth, Miss Whiteliffe; it is a season of mourning, and I deplore, most sincerely, the remark you have just made as to my presence here."

Henry's eyes danced with delight at this polite and well-polished address, while his sister—whose judgment was not at fault— despised every word and gesture. She saw that her brother was hopelessly held in the subtle and demoralizing grip of this fast-living young man. She would, however, make one final effort, and then, God help her brother!

His Ruling Passion.

On the night before the funeral, Henry Whiteliffe—who had been suffering during the day from out of his now-common headaches— was unusually thoughtful.

In her own sanguine way, Miss Whiteliffe imagined that her brother was pondering over the loss the family had sustained. As a matter of fact, he was wondering what he would do without a £50-note next week.

"Henry," she began, "I want you to do me a special favor."

"I will, sister," he answered. "What is it?"

"Come with me, and take a last look at father."

"Poor father!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Henry; it is a consolation that he did not suffer long."

"That was not what I was thinking about, Marjory."

"What were your thoughts, Henry?"

"To be candid, sister, I was thinking about next week. I have several big bills to meet."

"Oh, Henry, Henry!" the sorrowing woman cried; "do forget all about these things. I will provide you with all you want. With all his faults, here is all that is mortal of our best friend, Henry," and with a heart overflowing with sorrow, Miss Whiteliffe knelt beside the coffin and cried to God to help her and her brother.

In that moment of anguish, Henry Whiteliffe felt mean and cowardly, and for the first time in his life a tinge of remorse touched his soul. He was afraid of Death.

(To be continued.)

The Offspring of Suffering.

"Thought, true labor of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain?" thus writes Carlyle; and surely such thought is as music born of pain in greater minds, to find its echo in lesser. It touches, we respond; it calls, we answer.

Thought, to truly answer thought, must be in perfect harmony, and unless begotten of Pain, the music is mute; the only thought that touches and calls is the "true effort, the offspring of suffering"; this only is able to reach souls far and wide. But if we would hear these things, we must listen for them. This, oh soul, is the cause of thy longing to bring forth with pain, the truest labor, the highest virtue, the purest thought. This also why the greatest Book of all holds the keynote for every aspiration, need, or desire; and this is the great All Father's plan, to hear the music of human hearts and the praiseful song of all humanity.—M. K.

What Will You Drop Into It?

Life is a magician's vase, filled to the brim; so made that you can neither draw from it, nor drop out of it, nor thrust your hands into it; its precious contents overflow only to the hand that drops treasures into it. If you drop in charity, it overflows love; if you drop in envy and jealousy, it will overflow bitter hatred and discord.

Newfoundland's GIFT TO INDIA.

Ensign Bennett Bids Farewell to His Comrades and Native Land.

Brigadier Sharp conducted a very impressive meeting at St. Johns I. on Thursday, when all the city corps united, and a large crowd assembled to hear the farewell address of Ensign Bennett, who was about to leave for the burning sands of India.

The Ensign has been a loyal and hard-working officer on the Island for over eight years, and for some time has felt within his heart a desire to work for God in India. Readily he responded to the call to proceed to England and join a batch of officers who were about to sail for that Eastern country.

The meeting was very interesting. Brigadier Sharp gave a very able address on the work of the S. A. among the Hindoos, and spoke of the thousands who have been helped and blessed through the efforts of our loyal and self-sacrificing officers. After Ensign Bennett had given a short talk on the definiteness of his call, Brigadier Sharp, 'neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue, dedicated him for service in that far-off land. The meeting closed by all wishing the Ensign God's blessing in pushing forward the claims of God in India.

Sunday afternoon and night we had the Ensign with us for the last time, when he gave two very stirring addresses, which took hold of the people. At the night meeting God helped the Ensign to reach the hearts of the people. The meeting closed with thirteen souls in the Fountain.—M. Janes, Capt.

Ensign Bennett's Parting Message.

To my Friends and Comrades in the Great Salvation Army:

Not having the privilege of seeing you personally to wish you "Good-bye," I embrace the opportunity of giving you my last few valedictory words through the press. I have recently been under strong convictions, impelling me to offer myself for mission work under the old S. A. flag in India, and as a result of these convictions I am now leaving your midst, perhaps never to return to my native land. I am aware of the many hardships, disadvantages, deprivations, and the suffering this mission involves, but I have counted the cost and am willing to pay the price, even if it should mean the laying down of my life. Many hundreds before me have heard the call, and in response to it they have said good-bye to their dearest friends, and to-day their remains are lying beneath the burning sands of India. Their places are vacant. Millions are still engulfed in heathenism, bowing down and worshipping wood and stone. There is a call for others to volunteer. I have responded to that call, and intend to follow in their footsteps and tell the poor heathen of a Saviour's love and of a better world. When at the Throne of Divine Grace remember your friend and comrade, who will be separated from all that is dear to him in this life, while endeavoring to fulfill his mission in combatting heathen prejudices and superstitions, surrounded by dangers of various kinds. Words fail to express my gratitude for the presentation of forty dollars as a token of your affection and sympathy. Memories of the many kindnesses shown me and of the pleasant time I have had, while in your midst, will linger with me till death. Be faithful and true to your vows and obligations. Hold on to the Pearl of Greatest Price, and if we never meet in time we shall meet with the glorified throng above, where partings and separations are unknown. I wish you good-bye, and may the benediction of the Holy Trinity rest and remain with you all.

Your sincere friend and brother,

R. J. BENNETT, Ensign.

There is no tree more fruitful than the cross planted in the heart.

Locality is not so potent as love in making a health-giving climate.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Chief of the Staff, by the General's instructions, telegraphed as follows to Sir Arthur Bigge, Private Secretary to Her Majesty:

General Booth instructs me to express his anxiety with respect to Her Majesty's serious indisposition, and to convey the assurance of the sympathy and prayers of thousands of Salvationists all over the world for Her Majesty's recovery; and that Divine consolation may be vouchsafed for this hour of trial.

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

On the same day came the following reply:

(From Osborne.)

To General Booth—

The Prince of Wales, to whom I have submitted your telegram, desires me to thank you for the kind assurances of sympathy and prayers which it expresses. A. BIGGE.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, the Army leaders of France and Switzerland, were over in London last week seeing the General on the present condition of their command. Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg is in capital health.

Commissioner Carleton formed one of a deputation which waited upon the Hon. Mr. Ritchie (Minister for Home Affairs) last week, to urge upon the Government the advisability of bringing in legislation with the object of reducing the number of public-houses. The reply of the Home Secretary was discouraging. Commissioner Carleton gives it as his opinion that it is not likely that the present Government will do anything in the way of temperance reform. They may take up the question of the housing of the poor, which has, undoubtedly, a close relation to the drinking habits of the people. The past week has been fruitful of horrible illustrations of murders, crimes, and suicides—all traceable to drink!

In a recent campaign in Leeds, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, four hundred and twenty-four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Evening classes are conducted at the Hadleigh Colony for the Colonists. The most popular subjects taken up are reading and composition, ambulance, joinery, and French. All the subjects are taught by fully qualified teachers; with one exception the teachers are drawn from the Colonists themselves.

The boring of an artesian well on the Hadleigh Colony has been carried to a depth of nearly one thousand feet, and the yield is now being tested, after which permanent pumps will be erected, and the water scheme for the Colony completed.

The Colony stores, which were unfortunately burned down last Fall, are now being re-built.

The end of the month will be marked by a special old-clothes' meeting. The friends of the men on the Colony are being especially asked to make up parcels of old clothes.

GERMANY.

A most pleasing increase is reported from one or two German corps. At Mulhausen no less than one hundred soldiers have recently been sworn-in, whilst Cassel reports an addition of thirty.

Amongst our German Cadets are three brothers, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. These lads are the sons of Salvationists; their father is a Local Officer, and still works for the maintenance of the younger portion of his family.

The Hamburg Rescue Home has just received nine new cases. The work which this Home is doing is most satisfactory. The Home in Cologne is quite full, and more accommodation is needed.

Thirty-five new Local Officers have recently been made in the various Berlin corps.

INDIA.

Thousands of natives gathered at the public reception of Commissioner Howard at Nagercoil. The children from the Salvation Army industrial and Day Schools also gave some splendid exhibitions of drilling.

The S. S. Sydney, which was conveying the last Indian Party to Bombay, broke down in the Red Sea, and had to return to Suez. It was found that the damage was so severe, however, that the passengers had to be re-shipped, and our comrades finally proceeded to Bombay via Colombo. They were expected to arrive on January 17th.

Major Yesu Das has been licensed by the North Indian Government to solemnize marriages between native Salvationists.

AUSTRALASIA.

The Commandant has just carried out an extensive program of meetings in Tasmania. Both the Commandant and Mrs. Booth are booked for some great campaigns extending from March to July. A series of campaigns is being arranged at each Colonial centre.

It has been decided to commemorate the building of the Federal Training Garrison in Melbourne by the laying of memorial blocks. The erection of the building is a great event, and will be celebrated in a suitable manner. The series of meetings to be held in connection with this will take place in February, will be in full harmony with the occasion, and will no doubt be heavy with great issues affecting the welfare of the whole of the Australasian Wing of the world-wide Salvation Army.

The Christmas season was fully taken advantage of by our Australian leaders. The hearts of nearly two thousand five hundred of Melbourne's poor and needy were gladdened by free dinners.

The Commandant conducted some gigantic meetings in Sydney on the occasion of the Commonwealth celebrations. An audience of 3,000 gave the Commandant an enthusiastic reception.

The Army's salutations were sent to Hon. Edward Barton, United Australia's first Premier, who, in his reply, expressed warm sympathy with the work of the S. A.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Pearl, will again visit New Zealand as the Commandant's representative.

UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker is speeding across the water that he may spend, if God shall will, the last hours at his father's side, and in case of his arrival too late, that he may minister to his mother in the first agonizing hours of her bereavement and widowhood. Mr. William Thornhill Tucker, the Commander's father, occupied for years a most prominent and influential position in the Bengal Civil Service of India, and in the many and varied duties and responsibilities attached to his appointment, Mr. Tucker's influence was very unqualifyingly felt in the cause of righteousness and in behalf of the highest interests of the poor and the oppressed. The Commander is the only surviving son, and thus here devolves upon him, in this supreme hour of need, responsibilities which cannot be undertaken by another.

During the year 1900 over $4,200 was raised through the various industries of our U. S. A. Rescue Homes towards their support.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The meetings of the late Congress, conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey, in Cape Town, have been the most successful in the history of the Salvation Army in South Africa.

The proclamation of martial law in a variety of places in Cape Colony is seriously crippling our work in that part of the country, and more or less throughout the whole Territory.

A new Territorial Song Book is being compiled for use in South Africa.

It is probable that Major Smith, D. O. for Natal and Zululand, who has labored so long and devotedly in the latter country, will shortly pay a visit to England.

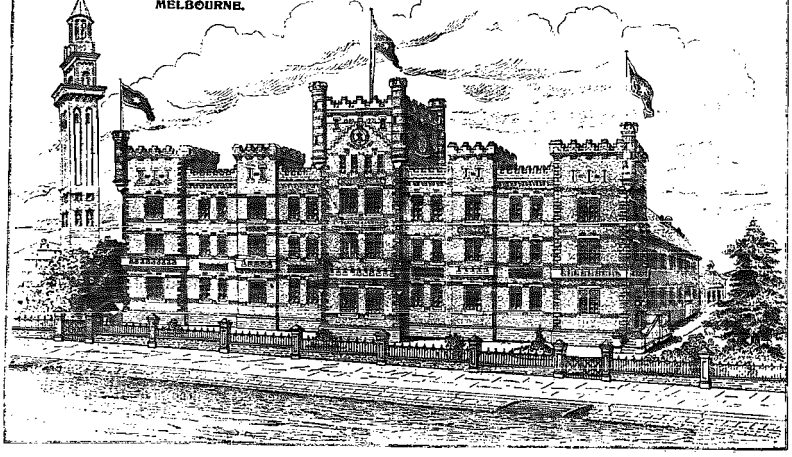
Capt. Warwicker is still working among the troops at Harrismith. One of his recent letters tells us of four souls captured. The Captain also mentions that during the time he has been working among the troops in South Africa, he has himself visited 1,700 sick and wounded men.

The fear recently entertained that the Army might not be able to obtain another suitable building in Mafeking for its ordinary meetings has, happily, now been set at rest. Officers and soldiers are now comfortably housed.

Commissioner Kilbey has conceived the happy idea of hoisting the Army flag on every hut, or, at any rate, in every kraal, that has been brought under Salvation Army influence. It is a native custom to put up sticks through the top of the hut, or on the nearest bush, and to attach pieces of rag to the same, in order to keep away evil spirits. The Commissioner's idea is that the Army flag should take the place of these charms, and at the same time proclaim to all and sundry that the inmates are Salvationists.

Mayest thou more than conqueror be,
Through this year assigned to thee?
And more glorious triumphs see,
Hour by hour through His power.

HAVE YOU ENLISTED AMONG THE SIEGE TROOPS?



Major Pickering.

HALIFAX MID-WINTER CAMPAIGN A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.

Staff-Capt. Phillips.

Red-Hot Enthusiasm Amid an Arctic Blizzard—The Coldest Weather for Years—Big Crowds—Striking and Unique Addresses by the Eastern P.O.—Grand Conversions—The Man Without a Shirt—A Twentieth Century Half-Night of Prayer—A Magnificent Finish—Thirty-Five Souls for the Campaign—Finances About $92.00.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

EASTERN WINTER STAFF CAMPAIGN, HALIFAX, INAUGURATED AMID ENTHUSIASM. ARCTIC WEATHER. GOOD CROWDS. FINANCES A 1. PROVINCIAL OFFICER'S AFTERNOON ADDRESS NOVEL, POINTED, AND THRILLING. NIGHT MEETING RECORD-BREAKER. FINISHED 11:30 WITH TOTAL ELEVEN SOULS. INDICATIONS FOR MIGHTY MOVE ON. FULL REPORT FOLLOWING.

Staff-Capt. Phillips.

With the thermometer registering away below zero, Major Pickering, the Chancellor, and party, boarded the Halifax Express on Saturday. One would have thought that the whole of the establishment had pulled up stakes and was migrating to fresh fields and pastures green; the baggage consisted of about a dozen pieces, including two typewriters, not forgetting the commissariat department, which was in charge of Adjt. McNamara. We made connection at St. John with the Fredericton D. O., Adjt. Wiggins, whose shadow has not grown less since he left the West, but is rather stretching out its borders to undefined dimensions. The Adjutant had sustained a somewhat serious blow in the face, which had disfigured one of his optics, and he was most anxious to make explanations and to assure us it was not caused by any domestic frictions, but by his heroic efforts to subdue what threatened to be, at one time, a serious conflagration, and which would have played havoc with our property in Fredericton. The worthy D. O. having satisfactorily explained matters, we settled down to discuss the war in his District, and were delighted to learn of the victories of the past few weeks.

It was nearly midnight when the train pulled into Halifax. Adjutant Frazer and party were on hand to give us a hearty welcome and conduct us to our billets. They made us feel at home right away.

A big program had been arranged, and all who know the Eastern P. O. will agree that his capacity for getting through business would turn an ordinary mortal pale; nevertheless, the whole series of meetings and Staff Councils, with a double dose of business thrown in, was carried through without a hitch.

The Campaign.

A splendid, wide-awake, up-to-date knee-drill struck the key-note for the campaign. One of the comrades who spoke at this gathering was the Major's first convert in Canada—a real trophy of grace. This man came into the P. O's welcome meeting with the determination of disturbing the same. He had been on one of his usual drinking bouts. The truth, through the Major, struck home, and the result has been a revolution in the man—in his home, and his family. He contrasted his experience with what it was before he came in contact with God, and told us how he had forfeited everything for drink, and used to often go round with no shirt to his back, and only a tattered coat to protect him from the cold. What a change grace had wrought. His face beaming with salvation joy, and his family participators in the benefits of his salvation. Before the campaign closed we had the delight of counting this comrade's wife among the number who sought and found the Saviour.

The holiness meeting was a time of real definite work for God. The writer had the privilege, after an absence of about twelve years, of once more declaring in this city the infinite possibilities of Divine grace to transform and make an aimless life into one of profit and usefulness. The subject of "A Standard Certificate," was handled by the P. O. in his usual masterly fashion. It was a lucid, well-defined address, and resulted in three souls seeking and finding the essential for life and death—a standard certificate.

Notwithstanding that the thermometer had dropped lower than it had for many, many years—and the cold being something intense—and several counter meetings going on in the city, a large and intelligent crowd gathered in the afternoon. A pleasing feature of the meeting was the dedication of the child of the brother who had given us such a vivid picture of himself at knee-drill. It was a delight to all present to witness the giving back to God of the little baby-boy, to be trained for His glory. Many an audible "God bless you!" was heard during the ceremony.

"Pillows."

The Major's unique and novel subject of "Pillows," was dealt with in a real, Holy Ghost, convincing manner. This address is illustrated in such a way that every phase of the truth carries weight and conviction with it. In each place where it has been delivered, real tangible results have followed, and Halifax was no exception. Five souls was the outcome of the afternoon's meeting.

The evening meeting was an old-timer. The building was filled to its utmost capacity. Adjt. Wiggins and the Chancellor had a few minutes' heart-to-heart talk with the crowd, then the Major plunged into his subject, which had been announced as the "Dead Century." It was not only a retrospective glance at the past, but a penetrating into the uncertainties of the future, and the unfolding of the eternal verities that will strike the death-knell to all who are hanging on to the flimsy strands of hollow professionalism, or the tottering pillars of Time for solace in a dying hour. If the faces of that crowd were an index to the working of God's Spirit upon their hearts (and we believe it was) then not a few gave visible evidences that the truths enunciated this night were impressing themselves deeply upon the consciences of those present. A well-fought prayer meeting resulted in a row of penitents. It was 10:45 when the last soul rushed to the penitent form. It had been a hard day, but a glorious reward for all the toil put in.

On Monday the D. O's arrived. Every District was represented except P. E. I., Adjt. Graham being prevented through stress of storm, but she was not forgotten by her comrade-D. O's, nor Adjt. Miller and wife, in away-off Bermuda Islands.

The Monday night meeting had been reserved for the welcoming of the above dignitaries, and a subject had been given to each. The Major, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the different speakers. The writer led off with, "The Burning Need of the Hour," and delivered his soul on the subject, which he believed would solve the problem of winning a lost world back to God. Adjt. Wiggins gave a very clear and practical address on "Old-Fashioned Methods in Soul-Saving." It was much appreciated.

Adjt. McNamara represented the women's side of things, and made the speech of the evening, her subject being, "Woman's Part in the Salvation War." The Adjutant, in her usual hard-hitting fashion, clearly demonstrated to all present that the women were the factotums of the concern, and that the men always had been, and still were, back numbers, when it came to the actual doing and accomplishing of things. Notwithstanding what she said to the contrary, they meekly took their dose and acquiesced with good grace in all that was said, and readily conceded that the speaker made the hit of the meeting. It is needless to say that the Adjutant resumed her seat amid loud applause.

Adjt. Dowell had been reserved for "Nuggets from the Klondike." The exploits of the pioneering party to those Arctic regions were graphically described by the Adjutant as only a Dowell can, and several celebrities came in for a passing notice, not forgetting "Soapy Smith." The Adjutant's peregrinations were cut short by the lateness of the hour, with the promise that they would be continued in our next.

A pleasing feature of this gathering was the well-executed flag-drills, by the Halifax II. Juniors, under the direction of Capt. Piercy. We finished with four souls in the Fountain.

Tuesday's Program.

Tuesday night was a continuation of the Monday program. Adjt. Jennings was all there in his address on "The Power of Song in the Army," and clinched his argument by narrating how he himself was converted through the singing of a chorus in an Army meeting.

Adjt. Crichton was at home with his subject, "Leaves from a Scotchman's Diary." Some interesting points were brought out and some practical lessons taught.

Adjt. Dowell continued with another chapter of "Nuggets," and succeeded in working the meeting up to white heat.

Adjt. Byers followed with a well-thought-out address on "The Salvation of the Young." This officer has had great success in this direction, and was able to speak from practical experience.

Capt. and Mrs. McElheney gave us some soul-stirring solos. Five souls crowned the efforts of this meeting.

On Wednesday afternoon the united Council of Staff, Field, and Local Officers' was much appreciated by all present. The P. O. gave us some real, practical advice. His address on, "I Can Do All Things Through Christ," was deeply inspiring. We believe that everyone present grasped the opportunity of the moment, and that a decided move-on will be the outcome of this gathering.

Presentation of Colors

In the night meeting the Major presented the new flag to the officers in charge, clearly defining to all the principles that are represented by the glorious Yellow, Red, and Blue. The No. 1. Juniors did some very creditable drills, under the leadership of Sergt. Ford. We had to close this meeting without any visible results, on account of it being followed closely by a half-night of prayer, which opened promptly at half-past ten. A fine crowd had assembled. Captain Piercy and Capt. McElheney gave us a couple of solos, which helped to keep the meeting on the right track. The Major's address was full of force and application, and brought the meeting to the point where decision for God became the all-absorbing question.

We labored under a great disadvantage in this meeting, as we could only depend on the light until twelve o'clock. Time, tide, and Electric Light Companies, wait for no man, and prompt at midnight the current was cut off, and but for the alertness of Adjt. Frazer in providing a few small lamps, we should have been in total darkness. One can imagine the carrying on of a meeting in the glimmer of a few lamps. Nevertheless, the P. O. and his aides stuck to their guns, and the people stayed with scarcely a break. It seemed at first as if it was a question of fighting a lost cause, but ultimately the meeting swung back again and number one was at the Mercy Seat, followed by two more, until fifteen were seeking deliverance. One brother came from the back of the hall, and fell, oblivious of all around him, on his knees, and commenced to pound and beseech, in true Island fashion, for salvation. The Major, who had worked incessantly right through the campaign, was now completely exhausted, and had to take a breathing-spell, and handed the meeting over to your humble dust, who must confess to being utterly nonplussed how to guide our demonstrative brother through. At one time the near-by red-hot stove was in jeopardy of being capsized. Thanks to Adjt. Crichton and Captain Piercy, whose past experience had taught them how to understand the different symptoms manifested, we were enabled to hand the seeking soul over to their tender care, and after vigorous applications of thumpings and various ejaculations, and singing of certain familiar old-time choruses, the subject was in a fit state to be gathered upon his feet; this proved to be the last stage but one, a few more manipulations of the pumping process and the light came, and a genuine Newfoundland dance landed our worthy brother into the Kingdom. A novel way of putting him through, but it eventually succeeded.

Thirty-two Souls.

At 2:30 we closed down. The campaign was finished. Results: Thirty-two souls, and something like $92 finances. Everybody pronounced the series of meetings the best for years. Their influence will live on.

The Staff Councils were times of real inspiration. The P. O., with his well-known ability, went into every phase of the work, and plans, and schemes were formulated and floated, which will ensure the onward march of the Blood-and-Fire Army in the Maritime Provinces. Look out for some wonderful advances from the East.

During the Councils a message of love and greeting was dispatched to our beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, also the following one to Lord Minto, expressing the feelings of our people in the East over the lamented death of our beloved Queen and Sovereign:

To His Excellency, Earl Minto, Governor-General of Canada, Rideau Hall, Ottawa:

Two thousand Salvationists in the Maritime Provinces mourn the loss of the Empire's greatest Sovereign. Deepest sympathy and unceasing prayers for the bereaved Royal Family.

(Sgd.) Major Oliphant Pickering.

The following reply was received by the Provincial Officer from the Governor-General's Private Secretary:

"I am desired by His Excellency to acknowledge the loyal and sympathetic message on behalf of two thousand Salvationists in the Maritime Provinces, and to inform you that it will be duly forwarded.

Capt. Graham,
Governor-General's Secretary."

The last wire is from His Excellency Lord Minto, sent by command of His Majesty King Edward VII.

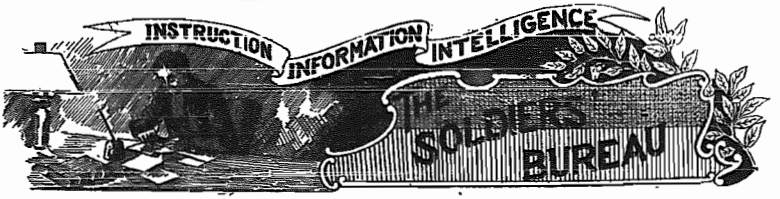
To Major Oliphant Pickering, commanding Salvation Army:

I am directed by the Governor-General to inform you that His Excellency has been commanded by His Majesty the King to express to you and the Salvationists of the Maritime Provinces His Majesty's heartfelt thanks for your kind message of sympathy.

Capt. Graham,
Governor-General's Secretary.

Adjt. and Mrs. Frazer did their utmost to make the gatherings a success, and were abundantly rewarded. They also have the thanks of the P. O. and Chancellor for the very kind way they ministered to their comfort and temporal needs.

One word in closing. The visit included the inspection of the Shelter. We were delighted with the evident progress that has been made here. Ensign and Mrs. Collier are moving in the right direction.



Terse Topics.

THE VALUE OF MOTIVE.

All actions done from the same motive are alike in God's eyes. We are not all called to great service, but we are called to sympathetic interest in those who are so, and to help them as we may. It was a law in Israel: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth with the stuff." It is the law of Christ's Kingdom, in which motives, not deeds, and spiritual susceptibility, not the accidents of the mode of its expression, determine place, capacity of receiving, and, therefore, reward.—Alexander Maclaren.

MUSIC.

One of the most pure and innocent pleasures which we can enjoy we owe to music. It possesses the power of charming our ears, soothing our passions, affecting our hearts, and influencing our propensities. How often has music dissipated our gloom, quickened the vital spirits, and ennobled our sentiments! An art so pleasing and useful well deserves our attention; and calls upon us to employ it to the glory of our beneficent Creator.—Sturm.

Daily Food.

SUNDAY.—St. John vi. 1-14.

"Saith unto Philip" (verse 5)—Why Philip? Philip was apparently a matter-of-fact person (xiv. 8), a quick reckoner and good man of business, and therefore, perhaps, more ready to rely on his own shrewd calculations than on unseen resources. This weakness Jesus gives him an opportunity of conquering. In his reckonings what would He Himself count for? was probably the purport of the Lord's question to Philip. Would he calculate on Christ at all as a source of supply? Apparently not; two hundred pence would about meet the case. The money-bag, not the Lord of heaven and earth, was the direction in which Philip looked for a sufficiency. What does Christ stand for in any emergency into which we are brought?

MONDAY.—St. John vi. 15-27.

Christ turns away from the Kingship which the multitude wished to force upon Him. Everything that comes within our reach must not be regarded as a providential gift, meant to be accepted. Multitudes have been ruined by clutching at a chance without first inquiring whether it was a door opened by God or by the tempter. A true Christian is as much distinguished by what he refuses as by what he accepts.

TUESDAY.—St. John vi. 28-40.

What must we do that we may work the works of God? How can we labor so as to satisfy God? What precisely is it that God waits for us to do, and will He be satisfied with our doing? To which Jesus answers: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him Whom He hath sent." By faith we come into union with Jesus; and then in that union we find the secret and the strength of every work God will require from us now and throughout eternity. Faith is the work of works before God, because it takes us out of that isolation in which we can do nothing truly pleasing to Him, and unites us as branches to Christ, our Vine.

WEDNESDAY.—St. John vi. 41-59.

In verses 41 and 42 we read of the perplexity created in the minds of the Jews by Christ's statement that He had come down from heaven. He did not answer them by argument or explanation; but said unto them: "Murmur not among yourselves"—that was not the way to light. The drawing and the teaching of the Father could alone give the true approach to Himself. "Everyone that hath heard from the Father, and hath learned, cometh unto Me." All real discovery of Christ is a Divine miracle, but it is a miracle the Father delights to work. "Seek, and ye shall find."

THURSDAY.—St. John vi. 60-71.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." This great statement is meant by Christ to dominate our interpretation of all that He has been saying about His flesh, His blood, etc. The seat and source of life-giving power is not the flesh but the Spirit of Christ. And the quickening Spirit of Jesus—all the regenerating and sustaining forces of His inner man—reach us through His words. "The words that I have spoken unto you are Spirit and life." It is, therefore, through the words of Christ—which Peter, in a later verse, calls "words of eternal life"—that we must look for the entrance into our hearts of the energies of the Divine life. Many a Christian's experience is feeble and dull, because the enlivening and invigorating words of Christ are not suffered to "dwell richly" within him.

FRIDAY.—St. John vii. 1-13.

In the Feast of the Tabernacles, which fell in October, the Jews commemorated how their fathers had dwelt in tents, and been fed and cared for as if in a settled condition. God's kindness meets our need under every variety of circumstance, but we do well especially to remember His mercies in conditions which peculiarly shut us up to His help. For some months, probably, Christ had been in Nazareth or its neighborhood. His brethren had seen His works, but had not yet believed on Him as the Messiah of God. They urge Him to take advantage of the approaching Feast to present His credentials to His disciples, gathered there from all parts of the country. But Christ "did nothing of Himself"; and He stood in a light which showed Him that the seemingly reasonable suggestion of His brethren was not the will of His Father. Let us always test in the secret place the wisest counsel we may receive from those around us.

SATURDAY.—St. John vii. 14-30.

Jesus went up to the Feast, not with His brethren, but alone; not publicly, but in secret; not to repeat His works, but to teach in the Temple. The will of God regulates time, manner, and conduct. Notice, in verses 16 and 28, how Christ fixes attention on His "teaching," and its revelation of His person and relation to the Father. In His teaching the real issues were raised, and any man who set his heart sincerely towards the will of God should certainly know whether that teaching was a message from God.

TESTIMONY.

By EMILY BRADLEY.

I rest in the arms of God,
And fear no ill.
For with me still
Abide His staff and rod.

I hear His wondrous voice,
And I am glad,
And never sad,
Since He's become my choice.

He telleth me His will,
And every hour,
With mighty power,
My yielded soul doth fill.

Aught more I need He'll send,
To Him enjoy,
And glorify,
Is of my life the end.

EDWARD GREY: Or, THE "DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT" OF A CANDIDATE.

Edward Grey had been converted six months, when one day there came
Not a letter through the postman, sent to his particular name,
But a call for active service none the less distinct and sure,
From the Lord, Who seemed to want him, to remove from Bless'em Corps.

He had got a widowed mother, and a sister always sick,
To support, besides a brother, whom the boys called "Drunken Dick";
So it seemed quite out of question that he should his family leave,
Said a Christian, "'Tis the devil, who is trying to deceive!"
And he wondered if it could be, till one day his mother said:
"Don't let me detain you, Edward- in the Poorhouse I'd be fed
Rather than I'd be a hind'rance—me and your poor sister, too,
Will not starve, for God will help us, if we do not hinder you.
As for Dick, though he's a drunkard, when he sees that you will go,
Maybe he will think it over, and will give up drinking so."

Edward struggled 'gainst conviction; did not care to leave, and yet
Conscience told him God was waiting on him to clear up his debt.
What would folks say? What had God said? Which should he in faith obey?
There was but one answer surely—"I must volunteer to-day."
So he did, and was accepted, till at length the Sunday came,
When to speak a word of farewell, Capt. Straight announced his name;
And the meeting was a large one, for the news had got around
That, contrary to all counsel, he was going to leave the town.

When he saw his brother present, he cried out, "Lord, save him now!
Break his stubborn heart, Lord Jesus; at the form please make him bow."
And the prayer, praise God, was answered, when, as penitent, he came,
Calling, in his bitter anguish, on the Saviour's wondrous name!

That night Dick, for ever sobered, stepped into his brother's place,
So a family blessing followed what some said was a disgrace.

—Copperfield.

Faith.

POINTED TRUTHS.

SELECTED BY ADJT. A. BOGGS.

The two watchwords of victory are faith and obedience.

The devil wins many a battle by getting God's troops to fire into each other.

God does not need a large army, but He must have a loyal one.

If your enemies are God's enemies, the war can bring you nothing but peace.

Don't go into temptation to see whether God will help you to resist it.

More characters have been ruined by the tongue than lives taken with fire arms.

The more grateful we are, the more God will give us to be grateful for.

The busier a man is the harder it is for the devil to get into conversation with him.

You cannot live on skim milk and have cream.

The more thou knowest, and the more thou understandest, the more strictly thou shalt be judged, unless thy life be also the more holy.—Thomas A'Kempis.

Giving Means Developing.

What would you think of a rose that would say to itself, "I cannot afford to give away to strangers all my beautiful sweetness; I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals of beauty, I will withhold this fragrance for myself. It is wasteful extravagance to give these things away." But behold, the moment it tries to store up, to withhold them from others, they vanish. The fragrance, the beauty, do not exist in the unopened bud. It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to exhibit its petals, to give its secrets, its life, to others, that its beauty and fragrance are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own ends. He who refuses to give himself to others, who closes the petals of his helpfulness, and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing he hoped to gain. The very springs of his manhood dry up. His finer nature becomes petrified. He grows deaf to the cries of help from his fellow-men. His tears are dried up, and he stares at misfortunes without wincing.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to love, and you soon lose the power to love. Your affections are paralyzed, your sympathy atrophied from disuse, and you become a moral cripple.

But the moment you open wider the door of your narrow life, and, like the rose, send out, without stint, your fragrance and beauty upon every passer-by, whether peasant or millionaire, you begin to develop a marvelous power.

Every-Day Religion

ABOUT CHILDREN: The Obligation of Parents to Impart the Training Described.

BY THE GENERAL.

I do not know that it is necessary to add anything to what has been said in order to impress upon fathers and mothers the obligations under which they are laid to train their children on the lines I have indicated; in other words, to do all they can to bless them. The duty before them is plain enough:—

1. THE POSSESSION OF THE CHILDREN, AND THE POWER THEY HAVE OVER THEM, CALL PARENTS TO THE DUTY I HAVE SET BEFORE THEM. They are there to be blessed or cursed; to be prepared for happiness or misery on earth; to be made the means of saving or damning their fellow-creatures; to be left the children of the devil or the sons and daughters of God; to be fitted for heaven or hell. Which shall it be?

SHALL EVERYTHING BUT SALVATION BE ATTENDED TO?

2. THE INSTINCT OF ALL SALVATIONIST PARENTS CALLS THEM TO SAVE THEIR CHILDREN. Shall they go out to the drinking saloons, the race-courses, the back slums, or roam away to heathen lands, to rescue souls from the grip of the Evil One, and neglect their own precious children, leaving their little hearts to be ensnared by the world, captured by the devil, and filled up with the vices and passions rampant round them? Heaven forbid!

Shall mothers and fathers toil night and day to feed, and clothe, and house their children's bodies, nurse and heal them in sickness, give them an education, and, as far as they can, provide for their future, and yet all the time neglect the means that will make them good and holy, the friends of God and the heirs of heaven? Can such a thing be?

THE ARMY'S CALL TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

3. THE ARMY CALLS EVERY SALVATION MOTHER AND FATHER TO RISE UP AND EXERT ALL THE ENERGY HE OR SHE POSSESSES TO MAKE THE CHILDREN WHAT I HAVE ASKED FOR THEM. We want soldiers and officers who have been born with the Blood-and-Fire in their veins; who have imbibed the war spirit with their mother's milk; who have been baptized with the fire of the Holy Ghost, and who have been trained to hardship, and sacrifice, and faith, and love in their homes. Do you hear this call, my comrades? I ask for your children for the Army of Salvation. Shall they be forthcoming? What do you say?

4. HUMANITY URGES YOU TO COMPLY WITH THE REQUEST I MAKE. Everybody knows that the greatest need of this poor world of ours is sanctified, Christlike men and women, and there are few people who do not know that the nursery, the home of the little ones, is the place to look for the supply. But you parents are the kings and queens of that domain. You hold the keys to the hearts of the men and women who are wanted to mould and fashion the future for God, and goodness, and heaven. Will you go to work to unlock the doors of those treasures of yours, and let Jesus Christ come in and have His way there?

GOD'S APPEAL.

5. DOES NOT THE CALL TO SAVE THE CHILDREN, WHICH COMES TO THE HEARTS OF THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS FOR WHOM, AND TO WHOM, I WRITE, PROCEED FROM GOD HIMSELF? Can you not hear Him saying, "Take this child and nurse it for Me, and I will give thee thy wages. I have loved it with an everlasting love; bought it with the precious blood of My well-beloved Son; sought it by My Holy Spirit; made preparations for its future of peace and usefulness on earth, and prepared it for mansions in heaven. But the devil wants to estrange it from Me, to make it into a fiend and drag it down to hell. You must come to My help. I rely on your sympathy, and tell, and ingenuity, and love. Will you help Me?" God cries from heaven—cries in your heart—"Will you help Me to save your children? Father, mother, what do you say?"

6. THE GREAT WHITE THRONE APPEALS TO YOU. When I face the crowds of strangers whom God has called me to strive to save, I say to myself, "Now, General, mind what you are doing—you will have to meet these people again."

AN AWFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

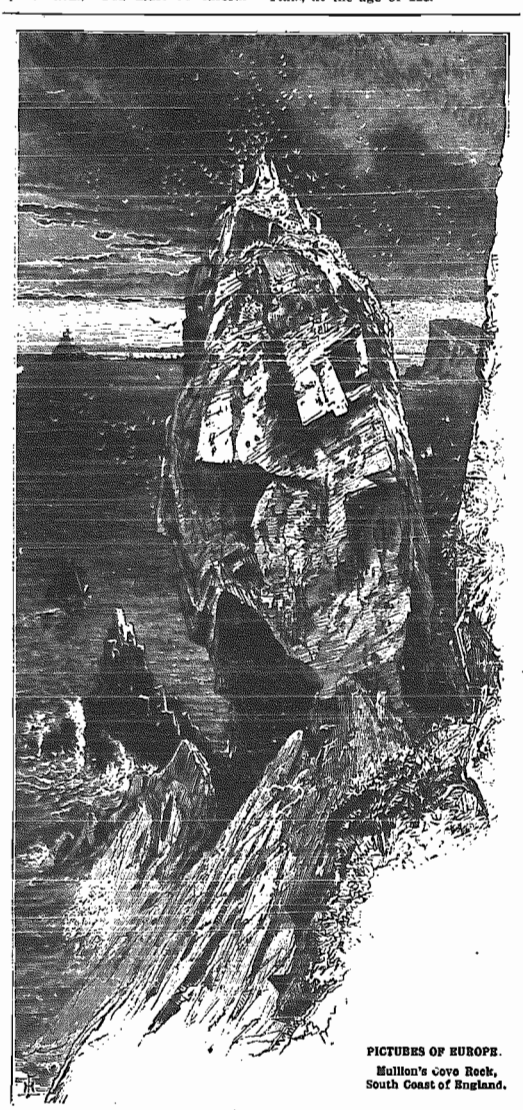
When I am talking to my officers, I say to them, "You must be careful to deal faithfully and wisely with the souls of the people who hear you in your halls and in the streets, because if any of them be lost, an enquiry will be made in the Judgment Day as to how they came to perish, and it will be a serious business if their blood is found on your skirts."

Father and mother, you will have to meet your children again before the Great White Throne; and—terrible thought!—should any of them be found at the left hand, it will be an awful awakening if, on enquiry, it is discovered that they are lost, and are going away to be lost forever, through your neglect, or because you did not do all that in you lay to save them.

But, on the other hand, what a glorious triumph if, after seeing them saved and victorious on earth, you have the unspeakable felicity of having them round you with blood-washed robes and everlasting songs in heaven!

(To be continued.)

An invalid who has reached the remarkable age of 140 is lying in the hospital of Tomsk. He still remembers Catherine II., and talks of having buried his wife one hundred years ago, and his son ninety years back. His record was nearly approached by a Georgian, who died a few days ago, in Tiflis, at the age of 128.



PICTURES OF EUROPE.

Mullion's Cove Rock, South Coast of England.

Death, the Leveler.

"There is no discharge in that war," declares the writer of Ecclesiastes, concerning Death. "The rich and the poor meet together." "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," adds another. All experience, past and present, proves that Death respects no one. Perhaps never was this truth more strikingly brought out than by the old Scotch attendant of our beloved Queen Victoria.

"How is Her Majesty?" enquired one.

"She is just a dear, old woman dying. All the Majesty is gone out of her," was the reply.

Ah, that is the point to which every soul must come sometime, be they what they may; the moment comes when they are just a man or a woman dying. The rich, with all their pomp, may summon the most skilled physicians, but 'tis but to prolong the state of weakness and pain. The poor can put die after all, and then they are alike. Yes, both righteous and wicked, rich and poor, must die.

"But After Death, the Judgment,"

says the writer of Hebrews. Oh, those awful Bible "buts" We read of some beautiful things, and when suddenly the writer says "but," and lifts the curtain on a scene just the opposite, joy is turned into sorrow, smiles are changed into tears, sunshine to blackest mid-night. Yes, no matter how glorious the life, it will finally be said of all, but he or she died. And death brings all to the Throne of Judgment, where destinies will be forever decided; every man will receive according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Judgment respects not person, but character, and character decides destiny.

In that Judgment, friend, you must stand, and woe to you if your character is evil in that hour. It matters not then even though you were a king or queen, whether you were of splendid education, with a wealth of mental endowments, whether you rolled through the streets in a fine carriage, while it took millions to measure your bank account, or whether you were a beggar by the roadside—if you have been a wicked person

You Will be Damned,

and even a poor man cannot be any more than damned, after all. To the poor man, who has already tasted many a bitter sting of want and woe, hell may not be so bitter as to him who steps from a mansion to a pit, from the sumptuous dining-hall, where every product of the culinary art was brought to tempt the sated appetite, and wine flowed like water, down to the burning flame where even a drop of water from the finger-tip of a beggar will be denied. Oh, yes, the man of high opportunity, if he be unfaithful to the charge God has given him, and live for self, will be doubly damned in that hour when earthly greatness is gone.

Our beloved Queen had a majesty that endures when earthly majesty is gone. She reigned for the glory of God and the good of the people. She had the majesty of a good life and love for the good, and pure, and true. This majesty is free to prince or pauper; without it they alike are poor. With it, both may be royal for ever. There is one source from which it comes to all who believe. That is the blood of Jesus. Hallelujah!

Acids that are Death to Cholera.

The acid of lemons and oranges is fatal to cholera bacillus. Even if placed on the rinds of the fruit the germs will not survive longer than a day.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

God never forgets the man who is willing to take a hard place.

W^M BOOTH GENERAL

WAR CRY

EVANGELINE BOOTH FIELD COMMISSIONER

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Hora, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

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All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to: THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

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GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Probationary-Lieut. Boyyer, Dillon, Mont., to be Captain.

Probationary - Lieut. McGregor, Brampton, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. Lamb, Omemee, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. Patterson, Montreal, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary - Lieut. McWilliams, Kentville, N. S., to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. McRay, Larimore, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. Nuttall, Minor, to be Lieutenant.

Probationary-Lieut. Leggott, Brooklin, to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

Editorial.

Queen Victoria.

The mortal remains of Queen Victoria have been laid beside those of her beloved Prince Consort at Frogmore. The death of the great and good Queen has moved millions. The solemn funeral procession was witnessed by hundreds of thousands of her beloved subjects, and now the last respects have been paid to her body. The pulse of the Empire throbs normal again, and its attention now turns to the living present and its claims. The world will roll on and men go their way. The Queen has left behind her crown, her purple, and her worldly possessions, to be now owned by the new King. Her soul has entered eternity without those things that are the earthly attributes of power, wealth, and fame, but she has taken with her greater riches, even the record of a great and righteous reign, a just and merciful administration, and the good wishes and prayers of multitudes, as well as leaving behind a living influence which will be still a power when her body will have become dust without form. The great Judge of man has but one measure by which He will mete out His reward or sentence; that is, according to our stewardship we will be judged. Those whom He gave little He expects faithfulness in that little trust; to whom He entrusts much He demands faithfulness in that much. Let us not fall in the error of comparing our lives with those to whom God gave less, but let us rather search our own hearts to find out whether we have used all the gifts God gave, and lived up to the best convictions of our conscience.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

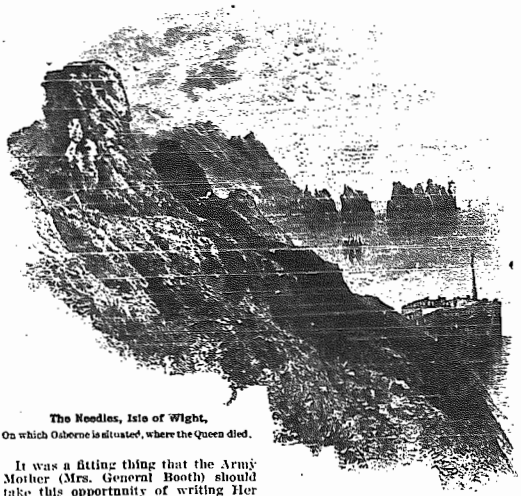
A Gracious Recognition of the General and the Good Work of the Army.

Remembering Her Majesty's deep interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of her subjects, it is impossible to believe that she did not watch with deep interest the rise and progress of the Salvation Army.

A sceptical and godless monarch would have been forced to recognize it as one of the marked events of the century; how much more must it have impressed one like Queen Victoria, whose heart was warmly enlisted on the side of God and goodness!

We are, however, not left to inference, having direct evidence of her feelings toward this latest phase of religious life.

On July, 3rd, 1882, the Army's first great anniversary celebration was held at the Alexandra Palace. Events had been moving rapidly. In 1878 the Christian Mission had become the Salvation Army. At this Anniversary we had 440 corps and 1,019 officers.



The Needles, Isle of Wight,
On which Osborne is situated, where the Queen died.

It was a fitting thing that the Army Mother (Mrs. General Booth) should take this opportunity of writing Her Gracious Majesty reviewing the progress made, and endeavoring to enlist still more of her sympathy.

The following reply was received:

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen to the Late Mrs. Booth.

"Windsor Castle.
"June 30th, 1882.

"Her Majesty learns with great satisfaction that you have, with the other members of your Society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue, and religion.

"Henry F. Ponsonby."

* * * *

The tide of progress rolled on, and in 1897 we had grown to 3,842 corps and 12,769 officers. In connection with the Triennial Anniversary held during that year at the Crystal Palace, at which over seventy-five thousand persons were present, the General wrote the following letter to the Queen:—

The General's Message to the Queen.

"To Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, Windsor.

"Your Majesty,—On behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army now assembled in London for their Triennial Congress, may it please your Majesty to receive my congratulations upon the long period of your Majesty's reign, and upon the moral and philanthropic advances which have marked the progress of the nation since you ascended the throne.

"I desire to offer my assurances of the faithfulness of my people in all parts of your Empire to your Majesty's throne and person, and their determination to continue to devote their lives to promoting such works of religion and mercy as are calculated to benefit all classes, but especially the least fortunate of your Majesty's subjects, and by binding them together in the love and favor of God, to help to extend throughout your Empire those principles of truth and righteousness which assure order and good government, and which are the foundations of lasting prosperity.

"Your Majesty may ever rely upon our prayers to Almighty God that you, and all the members of your family, may share abundantly in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that your Majesty may long be spared to influence your subjects so as to further their well-being for this life, and for the life to come.

"William Booth."

Her Majesty's Gracious Reply.

"Windsor Castle,
"July 20th, 1897.

"To General Booth,—

"The Queen wishes to express to all the members of the Salvation Army now assembled for their Triennial Congress her heartfelt thanks for their touching message of loyal congratulations and earnest good wishes.

"Her Majesty fully recognizes the great and varied works so courageously undertaken by the Army on behalf of so many of their unhappy fellow-creatures in different parts of her Empire.

"The Queen fervently trusts that Divine guidance and blessing may accompany all future efforts of the Army."

* * * *

This message was read during the reception in the huge Transept, capable of seating altogether 20,000 persons. This was packed. Prior to reading it, the General said, "I hold in my hand a telegram of congratulation and good wishes received this morning from Her Majesty the Queen, in response to one forwarded to her. Will you allow me to ask you—and I know you will give response to it as only Salvationists can—to join with me in the prayer: "God bless Her Majesty the Queen!" The prayer was universally "Amened!"

The White Crusade.

The White Crusade has been a fitting forerunner to the Siege in Toronto. It was a well-organized plan, and for the benefit of the Field we will give some details of it in our next number, which may suggest ways and means to the wide-awake officer to apply in his corps during the Siege.

The Siege.

The Siege of 1901 will begin with Sunday, February 24th. It is of vital importance that every preparation be completed during this next week. The Siege Hand-Book gives very careful directions, as well as leaves plenty of scope for individual enterprise within the lines laid down. Let there be a desperate endeavor to score high against the devil. Bear in mind the cunning and incessant activity of the devil, and rely upon the unfailing support of God. Read the War Cry and write to the War Cry regularly.

New Barracks at Montreal II.

(Special.)

Editor of War Cry,—

GRAND OPENING OF MONTREAL II. NEW BARRACKS. OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF CITY CORPS, WITH NO. 1. BAND, ABLY ASSISTED. MAGNIFICENT FINISH UP TO A DAY'S FIGHT LAST NIGHT (SUNDAY). THE HOLY GHOST FELL. THE ATTENTION OF THE CROWD WAS FASTENED. SCARCELY A SOUL LEFT WHEN PRAYER MEETING COMMENCED. THE ENEMY WAS ROUTED AND SUFFERED SEVERELY, AND THERE WERE FOUR CAPTURES. MRS. PUGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. BURDITT RENDERED GOOD ASSISTANCE.

Brigadier Pugmire.

Windsor, N.S., Triumphs.

(By wire.)

Editor War Cry, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.:

WINDSOR, N. S. — GLORIOUS WEEK-END. HAD A SPECIAL VISIT OF MAJOR PICKERING, OUR PROVINCIAL OFFICER, WITH CAPT. FLEMING. WAVES OF BLESSING AND POWER. NINE SOULS AT THE CROSS. MAGNIFICENT CROWDS. MONDAY NIGHT THE MAJOR GAVE HIS FAMOUS LECTURE, "NINE YEARS IN MODERN BABYLON." HON. M. H. GOUDGE PRESIDED, SUPPORTED BY R. CURRY, ESQ., MAYOR OF WINDSOR; CHAS. DeWOLFE SMITH, ESQ., DR. J. B. BLACK, REV. DR. GATES, AND OTHER PROMINENT GENTLEMEN. BUILDING GORGED. MAJOR HELD VAST CROWD ENTRANCED FOR TWO HOURS. SMILES, TEARS, AND LAUGHTER ALTERNATED. MAGNIFICENT IMPRESSION. UNIVERSAL OPINION: BEST EVER KNOWN. COLLECTION SIXTY-TWO DOLLARS. REPORT FOLLOWING.

Adjt. Jennings.

Lowliness of heart is real dignity, and humility is the brightest jewel in the Christian's crown.—Bond.

They do not love who do not show their love. Truly love that bears no fruits and is followed by no results must be false.

MEMORIAL SERVICE OF THE QUEEN.

The Chief Secretary Conducts an Exceptionally Impressive Service at the Temple —The Auditorium Packed.

The slow and solemn strains of a funeral march were heard at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, as the Headquarters Staff Band left the Salvation Army Temple, followed by a large crowd of Salvationists, and the procession wended its way through the principal streets of the city, previous to the memorial service of our late beloved Queen.

The afternoon proved to be the opportune time for the Army to hold their service. The building was packed, and the service was altogether a remarkable meeting, calculated to live long in our memory.

"Hiding in Thee,
Thou blest Rock of Ages,
I'm hiding in Thee."

was the chorus of the opening song, which was a very appropriate one for the occasion. After prayer by Major Turner, the Staff Band played and sang the beautiful song, "It is well with my soul." Colonel Jacobs, the leader of the meeting, spoke of the noble exemplary life of our late Sovereign, especially mentioning—

The Sympathy of the Queen.

In all cases of distress, such as accidents, mine explosions, etc., she always came to the aid of the sufferers. When Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were assassinated she sent messages of sympathy to their widows, and although General Joubert was an enemy, the Queen, at his death, kindly remembered his widow, and immediately despatched a message of sympathy to her.

The Justice of the Queen.

Though sympathetic to a very marked degree, not one has ever accused her of being anything else but just. Throughout her long reign of sixty-four years she gave many evidences of a strong sense of justice.

The Womanhood of the Queen.

Her reign has been noted as a time when the service of women has been recognized and brought to the front. A good illustration of this is to be found in the Salvation Army. The organization owes a great deal of its success to the evangelistic efforts of the late Mrs. General Booth, and other women who have followed in her steps; and in Canada we have an illustration of this in our beloved Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth, whose abilities as a leader we are proud to acknowledge. Not as women to ape the men, but women with every true attribute of womanhood.

The Widowhood of the Queen.

She knew how to sympathize with other widows, and especially cared for them, living an exemplary life as a widow herself.

The Christianity of the Queen.

Her reign will be remembered for the advances of science, literature, and art, but most of all for the advancement of Christianity. Crowned at eighteen by the Bishop of Canterbury, from the moment he first uttered those words, "Your Majesty," the three hundred millions of her subjects have continually prayed "God save the Queen," and He has done so. The crowning took place at 5 a.m. She knelt as the Archbishop crowned her, and after the crowning asked him to kneel with her and pray that she might be Divinely guided. Her race is run, and we cannot but think the continual prayer has been answered, and that she shall see His face.

The Address to the Living.

The service proceeded with a solo, "Some day the silver cord will break," by Staff-Capt. Morris, a funeral march by the Staff Band, the reading of the first seven verses of the 22nd chapter of Revelations by Mrs. Major Smeeton, after which the Colonel rose, as he said, to "address the living." He dwelt particularly on the fourth verse of the portion of Scripture just read, "And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." In the power and demonstration of the Spirit he forcibly brought before that large crowd the necessary qualifications of a man or woman of God, pointing out that in this life we must see His face, and have His name in our foreheads, or in other words, have His character shine out in our lives. A solemn feeling pervaded, conviction settled on the crowd, and at the close souls were crying to God for mercy.—E. W.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner, Miss Booth, continues to improve, and our leader expects to fill her appointments in Montreal during the coming week-end.

The results of the White Crusade are most gratifying. The addresses of the Chief Secretary have been full of Divine inspiration, and everybody has gone in whole-heartedly to bring the claims of God's Kingdom to the front. Unbelief, lukewarmness, and half-heartedness have been swept away, and the Temple corps has received a substantial lift. Seventy souls sought salvation and holiness.

We are glad to learn that Brigadier Gaskin is gradually improving, and hopes to be able to resume his duties in the course of a few weeks. We can assure the Brigadier of the continued sympathy and prayers of his comrades.

Mrs. Brigadier Friedrich and Capt. Lemon, of T. H. Q., have suffered an irreparable loss in the sudden death of their mother, who succumbed after a short illness to a complication brought on by la grippe. Brigadier Friedrich conducted the funeral. Mrs. Friedrich and Capt. Lemon deeply appreciate the sympathy and kindness shown by the Commissioner, the T. H. Q. Staff, and other comrades, in their hour of sorrow.

The Yukon Council has just made a grant of $250 to our Dawson City Shelter. The Government Officials of the Yukon have for a long time recognized the good work done by the Army in meeting the needs of the poor.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Margetts have had an enthusiastic reception in Bermuda. Thirty-one souls knelt at the Mercy Seat during the first four days' meetings.

The three converts obtained at the Dawson City Watch-night service are taking their stand as soldiers, and are proving a great help to Adjt. Barr.

Major and Mrs. Turner are booked for a week's revival meetings at Lisgar St., and are looking forward to a successful time.

Adjt. DesBrisay has received a warm welcome at Hamilton, and the future is very hopeful. Adjt. Goodwin was also enthusiastically received by the Lippincott corps last week-end.

Major Collier is suffering from rheumatism, which renders his getting about extremely painful and difficult.

Mrs. Major McMillan has been suffering from tonsilitis.

The grippe has so laid hold of the corps in West Ontario that in some instances there are only one or two left to "stand by the flag."

Mrs. Adjt. Wakefield is again in the hospital.

At the 1st Anniversary of the work in Dauphin, Man., the soldiers met for a week's 5 a.m. knee-drills. The special meetings finished with 24 souls and $75 collections.

Our own soldiers are suffering in the great financial depression in the North-West. One of the Sergt.-Majors put in 200 acres of grain and did not get a bushel.

The Week

THE ROYAL FUNERAL.

The chief topic of the week has been the death of Queen Victoria, reminiscences of her life, and that of King Edward VII., and the imposing funeral services in connection with the burial of the Queen. A brilliant assembly of reigning Monarchs, Crown Princes, Princes, and representatives of many nationalities attended the Royal funeral, which commenced with the conveying of the body in the Royal yacht from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth, between a file of warships. The procession from the railway station, at London, to St. George's Chapel, as it moved through the very heart of the Metropolis, was impressive in the highest degree. The entire populace wore mourning garments. The crowds were beyond all estimation, and window seats were sold from $15 to $30 each, and averaged in other places a much higher rate. 32,000 troops of all arms were present at the funeral. The Queen's body was finally interred in the presence of the mourners at the mausoleum, at Frogmore, beside the Queen's beloved Prince Consort's remains. The expressions of sorrow on the loss of the great Queen have been singularly spontaneous throughout the British Empire, and among other nations. Memorial services have been held everywhere, and a day of mourning was strictly observed. The new King has created a favorable impression.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

There has not been a great deal of news received, but on the whole the impression seems deepened among the Boers that their cause is lost. The invasion of Cape Colony has been checked, the invaders coming to a halt at Calvina, a village among huge mountain ranges. The British forces are surrounding that position. The whereabouts of De Wet are uncertain. He is still very mobile. There has been a British post rushed in a dark night by fourteen hundred Boers. The Garrison was compelled to surrender. General French has driven the Boers east of Pretoria, and captured a gun, as well as picked up parts of a second gun. Two thousand Boers are reported to have crossed into the Portugese Territory. The authorities at Lorenzo Marquez have moved the ammunition surrendered by the Boers into vessels, and moored the same in the Bay, to prevent a Boer raid. Pretorius, one of the leading Boers, has surrendered. He states, however, that the Boers are as determined as ever to fight. General De Wet is supposed to be moving southward with the intention of crossing the Orange River. Should he succeed, it is expected that many Cape Colonists will rise to join him, as his name carries great influence. It is reported that Lord Kitchener wishes to place ten thousand Boer prisoners in India. The West Indian troops, stationed at St. Helena, as guards of the Boer prisoners, mutinied early during the month, and were with difficulty brought into subjection by landing blue-jackets from the warships.

COSMOPOLITAN ITEMS.

A young man was recently sentenced at Berlin, Ont., to seven years in the Penitentiary for kidnapping a child.

Twelve women of the W. C. T. U., armed with pickaxes, hatchets, and hammers, raided and wrecked four saloons at Anthony, Kansas, which were running contrary to the law, and without opposition by the authorities.

Serious riots have occurred at Kieff University, Russia; complications between students and cossacks have taken place, in which many were killed and wounded.

American capitalists are withdrawing from Cuba in anticipation of the early control of affairs by the natives.

King Edward will open British Parliament in person on February 14th.

The walls of Tien Tsin are now being levelled. It took three hundred years to construct them. Chinese papers are protesting against it.

The permanent Court of Arbitration, provided for by the Peace Convention at the Hague, has now been completely organized for business. Fifteen nations are represented.

Dowager Princess Frederick is considerably improved, and it is not unlikely that she may live for years yet.

News has been received from Abyssinia of a great civil battle, in which seven thousand men were killed. The rebellion has been caused during the absence of King Menelik.

Four thousand silk workers are on strike at Paterson, N. J.

Thirteen hundred persons were injured in the crowd during the Queen's funeral at London, but only sixty were seriously hurt.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will be married on the 7th of February. The wedding festivities have already begun.

It is supposed that a German expedition is on its way west of Pekin to escort the Chinese Emperor.

RIVERSIDE SPECIALS.

The now-illustrious Ibbetson Family specialled at Riverside a week last Sunday night, and were greeted by a full house. Their music and singing was much appreciated.

COMING EVENTS

T. H. Q. Specials for Siege Sunday, Feb. 24th.

RIVERSIDE, Brigadier Friedrich, Staff-Capt. Morris, and Ensign Morris.
LISGAR ST., Major Collier and Staff-Capt. Manton.
HURON ST., Staff-Captain Creighton and Ensign Arnold.
HAMILTON II., Staff-Capt. Page.
DOVERCOURT, Adjt. Attwell.
BRAMPTON, Ensign Enston.
OSHAWA, Capt. French.

Central Ontario Province.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND
and
BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH
at
RIVERSIDE, on Monday, Feb. 25th.

MAJOR TURNER

will conduct Special Revival Services at Lisgar St., from Sunday, Feb. 17th, to Saturday, Feb. 23rd.

West Ontario Province.

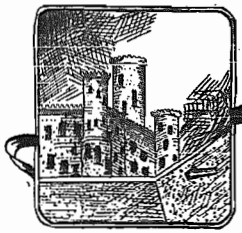
THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will visit Drayton, February 19 to 25; Palmerston, Feb. 26 to March 4; Listowel, March 5 to 11; Wingham, Mar. 12 to 18; Clinton, Mar. 19 to 25; Seaforth, Mar. 26 to April 1; Stratford, April 2 to 5.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Hamilton II., Sat. and Sun., Feb. 16, 17; St. Catharines, Mon., Feb. 18; Oakville, Tues., Feb. 19; Brampton, Thurs., Feb. 21; Orangeville, Fri., Feb. 22; Salem, Sat., Feb. 23; Peversham, Sun., Feb. 24. Lantern service entitled, "50° Below Zero; or, The S. A. in the Klondike."

CAPT. POOLE.—Gananoque, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 16, 17; Brockville, Mon. and Tues., Feb. 18, 19; Prescott, Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 20, 21; Kemptville, Fri., Feb. 22; Ogdensburg, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 23, 24. Lantern service entitled, "Mistakes of the War."

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.—Goderich, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 16, 17; Clinton, Mon., Feb. 18; Wingham, Tues., Feb. 19; Listowel, Wed., Feb. 20; Palmerston, Thurs., Feb. 21; Drayton, Fri., Feb. 22; Guelph, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 23, 24. Lantern service entitled, "Ted, the Station-Master."



FROM FORTS AND OUTPOSTS

THE PACIFIC

Revelstoke.

God is still with us, giving us victory, and we are expecting a great ingathering to God soon. On Saturday night we had a very successful time in the way of a coffee and cake social. We are looking forward to the visit of Staff-Capt. Taylor and Ensign Staiger. May they come filled with the Holy Ghost. Our barracks is being painted and when finished will look quite cheerful.—Silvers.

Spokane.

Last Sunday afternoon three souls sought and found Christ. Ensign Staiger has left us to continue the fight in another part of the battlefield. God bless Staiger; he has many friends in Spokane and has helped to cheer many a soul with his lantern services, and his straight-forward way in telling of the love of Jesus Christ for the poor sinner. May God make him as great a blessing to others as he has been to us. We are expecting our leader, Staff-Capt. Galt, home from Toronto in a day or two, and intend giving her a real Salvation welcome. You know the kind we mean—right straight from the heart. We will not be afraid to tax our vocal organs for all they are worth. Capt. LeDrew, during the Staff-Captain's absence, has done her level best, and so have our comrades. God bless them.—Joe Logan, R. C.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Bonavista.

And still the good work goes on. Souls are coming to the Cross in every meeting. There are, however, more to follow. Soldiers dancing happy.—Lieut. L. Bowering.

Wesleyville.

On Thursday night, in the Orange Hall, we had a very novel meeting, with a representation of David and Goliath. A good crowd was present and the meeting proved an interesting departure. Everything is going well. The Lord is with us, and we are going in for greater victories.—Lieut. L. Oldford.

Harbor Grace

Adjt. and Mrs. Turpin have just spent a week-end with us. The Adjutant, like all eager fishers, had his crew at work before day-break. We toiled all day, but owing to adverse conditions, we had but a poor catch. We believe, however, that God is a rewarder of faithful toil, and the efforts put forth had the smile of the Almighty.—P. S. S.

St Johns III.

The old year passed out with a triumphant victory. Brigadier Sharp was with us. Testimonies were given to the effect that the coming year should exceed all former records. An enrolment of soldiers followed, then a soul-stirring address was delivered by the Brigadier, and an earnest appeal given to the unsaved to present themselves to God at the beginning of the new year. Conviction was felt deeply, and four volunteered for salvation. One, a poor drunk with bleeding face and clothes all torn, knelt and wept like a child. The penitent's cry was heard, and he arose and joined in singing the praises of God in real Newfoundland style. The meeting closed at one o'clock, everyone believing for a glorious victory the coming year.—L. Sheppard, Capt.; R. LeDrew, Lieut.

Newtown.

We have entered the New Year with new resolutions, new zeal, and new determination to push on the war. On New Year's Eve three recruits took their stand beneath the dear old flag. The Army here is just one year old, and we are growing. The corps was opened with four soldiers; now we have fourteen. Hallelujah! "See our numbers, how they swell." Seven prisoners have been taken during the past month, and we are believing for others. The Christmas Crys excelled our expectations and sold readily. We have started to get framing for a barracks, which is somewhat difficult at this time of the year. The weather being stormy, we find it impossible to do much in this connection, but the sun will shine again. God is with us and we are having some beautiful times.—A. C. T., C. O.

THE EAST-BERMUDA

Glace Bay.

Souls are being saved. The band visited Port Morine on Friday night, and, as usual, had a good time. The bandsmen, although only five in number, represent seventy-seven years of Salvation warfare. Everybody is delighted at the prospect of a visit from the Commissioner and Staff in the near future. We feel it quite an honor to be visited by our beloved leader, and Glace Bay will do its duty on this occasion.—Sergt.-Major.

Capt. Edith Prince, Eastern Province.

North Sydney.

Capt. Welsh, from Woodstock, N.B., who is on her way to Newfoundland to assist in the Army's day-schools, led the meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday, assisted by Capt. Leadley, from the Mines, reinforced by Adjt. Tovell at night, who arrived on the S.S. Bruce, "bound west." No one had the courage to ask her what for. Our barracks is crowded night after night with young people, who would make good soldiers of Jesus if they would only let God have His way with them. North Sydney is experiencing good times just now, and still we hope for better. Capt. and Mrs. Thompson seem to be the right people in the right place. May God help us to stand by and help them to roll the old chariot along.—N. Martell, Treas.

Sydney.

We are having victory not only in our souls, but in our meetings. We have the devil on the run, and propose, by the help of God, to keep him going. Four souls on Sunday evening, a mother and two daughters; one Monday, and one on Tuesday evening. Surely God is good. We are in the "boom," not to improve or build our property in Sydney, but are preparing for the mansion above. Cadet Weakley farewelled on Sunday evening. She goes to Sydney Mines. We shall all be very sorry to lose her; but when we sing, "I will go where You want me to go, Lord," we mean it. So she goes to fight and conquer there. God bless and prosper her. We are continually growing in numbers and grace. The barracks is altogether too small, and the platform is often crowded; so if you do not find us doing business at the old stand, you will find us in a larger place. The comrades are mostly donning the red, getting ready for a grand time next month, when the Commissioner comes. If you hear an unusual amount of noise in the direction of Sydney don't be alarmed—the new drum came last night, and Comrade Cossett wields the stick. Look out for more war news soon from Sydney. Seven souls for this week.—E. W. M.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Aurora.

Capt. Brooketts and Lieut. Stickells have arrived and were greeted with a welcome tea. At the welcome meeting we had a full house, and old Satan had to get a quiet move on to save his troops. Though none were captured, many were wounded. Since last report one sinner has returned to the Lord. On Thursday night Adjt. Burrows, with his lantern, received a good welcome. We had a good crowd and a blessed time.—C. W. Peacock.

St. Catharines.

We are still plodding on and God is with us. Since coming here we have had splendid times. The people of St. Catharines are beautiful. God bless them! During the last four weeks we have seen seven kneel at Jesus' feet. We have just had a farewell visit from our D. O., Adjt. Goodwin, which was much appreciated. "On, ever on," is our motto for St. Catharines, and we are sure to win.—Capt. L. Rennie.

Fenelon Falls.

Since coming here we have had the pleasure of seeing seven precious souls kneeling at the foot of the Cross. One dear old man, who has been coming to the Army meetings for seven years, has yielded himself to God, and is now able to testify of His saving and keeping power. We are feeling quite at home already, and believe God is going to make us a blessing.—Capts. Liddard and Stephens.

Hamilton I.

It is with sorrow that we announce the death of Brother White's little child, Mabel. After one week's illness she passed away to be with Jesus. This is the second child our comrades have placed beneath the sod within a year, and they feel keenly their loss. We sincerely pray that God will sustain and cheer our comrades, and that they may realize much of His presence in this trial. Our officers, Adjt. Goodwin and Capt. Parker, are farewelling. Sister Dauberville goes to the Training Garrison. May God bless her and may she prove a warrior of the Bleeding Lamb.—R. C.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

St. Albans.

The grippe has been gripping a great many people here, and did not fail to attack the Army fort. In our struggle against debt, the Lord touched the heart of a friend, who sent us two fives to get ammunition to carry on the war. May God bless our friend, Mr. ——. When the weather gets milder and the wounded get healed, we shall have more opportunity of routing the enemy.—Capt. Slater.

Ottawa.

The opening of the new century has brought with it many new conquests in the work of the Master. First Sunday, seven souls knelt at the Cross, while right along the power of God has been manifest in the salvation of twos and threes. Sergt. Jas. Carpenter has gone to assist at Arnprior for a short season. The officers have been on a tour of the District. Capt. Yake, of Montreal, one of our old comrades, has paid us a visit, also Bandmaster Downey, of Kingston. The work in general is in a good state. We mean to do our best in bringing precious souls to a saving knowledge of the Gospel.—A. French, Sec.

St. Johnsbury.

The Salvation war is still going on here. It is a sad thing to see some who get started on the Christian way, then allow the devil to ensnare them again. We believe that Jesus is strong to deliver and able to keep us from falling, if we only trust and obey. The Sergt.-Major, Mrs. Rodliff, whom many will remember as Ensign Hill, rejoices in the arrival of a little daughter. Our brass band is still struggling to get into existence, and four brave men are practicing hard. Give us time, and we shall yet succeed. Pray for St. Johnsbury.—W. C. R.

WEST ONTARIO

Woodstock.

The Soul-Saving Troupe have just spent a week with us, and we have had blessed times. We old soldiers, who have been on the way for well nigh twenty years, have gone in for more of God; and poor backsliders, who once had power with God, and knew what it was to be very useful in the service of the Lord, have taken their place again; also sinners, old, tough sinners, and young ones just starting in sin, have knelt at Jesus' feet. Hallelujah! The Troupe have left us, but God has not; and we are, by His grace and help, going to do our level best to extend His Kingdom. At the half-night of prayer thirteen volunteered to become Blood-and-Fire soldiers of the Salvation Army.—R. C. Mrs. Paul.

Watford.

The Lord is with His Army. Hallelujah! Our latest convert seldom misses a chance of testifying to God's saving race. Lieut. Plant arranged for a meeting at the home of Father Collier on Tuesday evening. A blessed free-and-easy meeting was held, and in an adjoining room an appetizing oyster supper was served. Sudden deaths here intensify our zeal for the war.—A. H.

Calgary.

On New Year's Eve we held a Watch-night service, and consecrated ourselves afresh to God. Last week three prodigals returned home, and many others are on the point of deciding. To God be all the glory.—Charles C. Bishop, J. S. S.-M.

Carmen.

Adjt. Cass and Capt. Smith, from Winnipeg, have visited us and God blessed their efforts. On Sunday night the barracks was filled to the doors, and many were turned away. Three soldiers were enrolled and six souls cried to God for mercy.—Albert Dallman, J. S. S.-M.

Dauphin.

Victory is our motto, and we are having it. God is with us. We are busy preparing for anniversary meetings, which are to be held next week, led by our worthy Chancellor, Adjt. Cass. Keep a good look-out for a report of the same. Since last report four souls have sought salvation.—Heck.

Prince Albert.

Our numbers are increasing every week. God is blessing our labors and souls are being won for Christ. God is also blessing our Junior work. Two Juniors sought the Saviour on Sunday afternoon, and at night two Seniors sought deliverance from sin. We have a well-packed hall each Sunday night. Our officers deserve great credit for the work they are doing. In spite of Satan the work is going steadily ahead.—Mrs. Scales.

Lethbridge.

We had a grand week-end, and are praying earnestly that the many who are convicted will soon turn to the Lord. Our forces this week are being led by our Captain, in the absence of the Adjutant, who is away on her visits to the surrounding corps. Saturday night took the form of a composition night, with a pie social at the close. The different songs composed and sung by the comrades were well received, and quite up to date, and it is quite evident now that this corps can boast of its Poet Laureates.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

Larimore.

Since last report six precious souls have sought and found Jesus as their Saviour, and we believe are proving His power to keep. Major Southall cheered us with a flying visit last Thursday night. Our faith was high for a crowded house, but as we had no power over the elements, a North Dakota blizzard prevailed, and kept many away from the meeting. However, regardless of the weather, God was with us, and those who came were amply repaid in hearing the Major's address, and showed their good will by responding liberally to his appeal for a free-will offering. Larimore soldiers and friends say heartily, "Come again, Major; come soon, and stay longer." The crowds are improving wonderfully, and we are in for victory. Hallelujah!—T. R. M., for C. E. B.

Strathroy.

We are proving that prayer and work bring the victory. When one fire of the Holy Ghost burns in our hearts sinners much be saved. We had a beautiful case of conversion on Friday night. A man, after years of rebellion against God, knelt as humble as a little child and found pardon. The attendance at our soldiers' and holiness meetings is increasing. We have beaten two years' records in crowds during the past week, for which we shout Hallelujah! Our cottage meetings are proving a great blessing, and truly the old days seem to have returned. God is the same and we are certain of victory.—J. S. Dowell.

THE SIEGE

Commences on Sunday, Feb. 24th, and ends on Good Friday, April 5th.

Sister Mrs Cooper Called Home.

PETERBORO.—Death has again visited our corps, and Sister Mrs. Cooper, after nearly four years' intense suffering, has gone to swell the song of the ransomed in heaven. Mrs. Cooper has been a faithful soldier for over ten years. All through her illness her patient spirit was an inspiration to those who visited her. Though utterly helpless, she never murmured, but cheerfully waited for the time when pain should be no more. As the end drew near she knew that all was well, and on Sunday, Jan. 6th, without a fear, she went to meet her Lord. Her last words to her husband, shortly before she died, were, "I'm going to be with Jesus." On Tuesday afternoon Adjt. Babbington conducted the funeral. A large crowd attended the service in the barracks, after which the soldiers, headed by the band, marched to the cemetery, and eternity alone will reveal the fruit that Sister Cooper's life and death has borne for the Master. On the following Sunday night the memorial service was conducted by Ensign Parker. As Bro. Cooper spoke of God's goodness to himself and his now-glorified wife many hearts were touched, and one backslider returned to the fold.—Nellie Smith.

Beyond the River.

PICTON.—Death has once more visited our corps and taken one of our oldest soldiers, Mrs. John Stafford, on Jan. 7th. Ensign Pugh conducted a short service at the house, three miles from Picton. The funeral cortege then left for the Army barracks, where a large service was conducted. The building was packed. "Shall we gather at the river?" a favorite of the deceased, was sung, after which several comrades spoke. Sister Eton, representing the Bloomfield corps, told of the blessing Sister Stafford had been to them during the time she was a soldier there. Father Daubney spake on behalf of the Picton corps. Ensign and Mrs. Pugh sang a duet, "My beautiful home," after which the Ensign pressed home the truth and asked those present to prepare for eternity. Deceased had been a soldier for nearly 15 years, having got saved through the instrumentality of the late Adjt. Arkett's father. Our comrade leaves a husband, who is a soldier, also several sons and daughters grown up. The memorial service the following Sunday night was very impressive. God came very near, and although none yielded, we believe that God spoke to many hearts. May we all live so that when death comes we may be able to meet it with a smile.—Lillie Love.

Triumphed O'er Death.

Mrs. McMann, of Kingston corps, passed away early on Tuesday morning of Jan. 8th. When her son arose in the morning, it was to find his beloved mother sleeping the sleep of death.

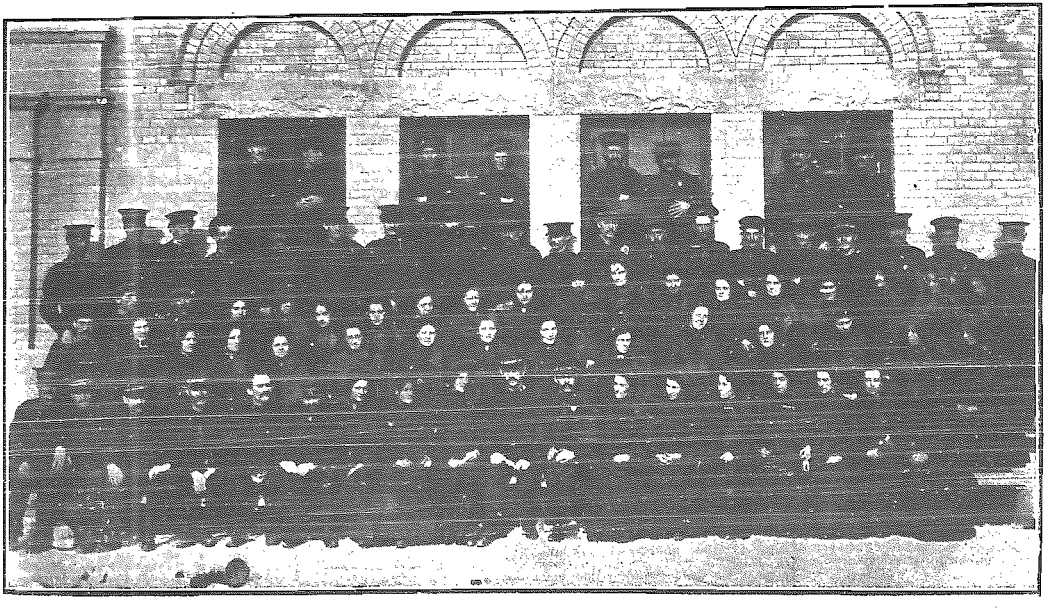
Previous to her conversion our comrade had been a sinner, drink being her besetting sin. About twelve years age, however—she was then nearly sixty years of age—one Sunday night a comrade, Bro. Simmons, led her to the Army penitent form, where she got soundly converted, and for twelve years proved God's power to keep. She was over seventy years of age when she died.

We buried her with Salvation Army honors, and her death spoke for God as well as her life. Many were the testimonies given of her faithfulness to God and the Army.

The following Sunday night the memorial service was conducted in the barracks, and at the close her only son volunteered to the penitent form and declared his intention of following his mother's example, and be a true soldier. God bless him.—Anon.

Children's Sunday Afternoon Diversion.

"Hearing a Bible story and learning a text should form part of the children's employment every Sunday afternoon," says a writer in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "However busy the mother may be in the week, she should take time on this day to gather her children about her and teach them herself. She cannot delegate this duty to the Sunday School without serious loss to them and to herself. It is said that children nowadays do not know the Bible. They are so unfamiliar with it that Biblical allusions in conversation, or in other books, are not understood, and its language is strange to their ears. Only the mothers can remedy this, as the Bible is not read in the schools. The rising generation will never know their own sacred book unless the mothers bestir themselves and teach it."



OFFICERS OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

THE "WHITE CRUSADE."

Officers, Soldiers, Converts and Friends Entered Into the Second Week of the White Crusade with that Spirit of Energy which Characterized the Beginning of the Campaign.

The special Campaign, significantly christened the White Crusade, has passed, but not without leaving distinct marks of its effects, not merely ever-widening ripples upon the surface of the emotions and reasonings of those who attended, but distinct transformations in numerous lives. Between sixty and seventy seekers knelt at the penitent form for salvation or sanctification; the number of lives spiritually benefitted, of the sinners convicted, and of the indifferent made to think about their soul, cannot be measured by figures. We believe that few people have attended these meetings without some benefit having resulted to them from it.

The Colonel has worked beyond his strength in the earnest and desperate endeavor to make the White Crusade more than a name, and he has succeeded in a remarkable degree. His last address has been unanimously pronounced the most powerful and the most inspired he has ever given.—E.

Tuesday: Modern Miracles.

The officers attending the Provincial Councils took a prominent part n this meeting, which was under the direction of Major Turner. Captains Poole and Rose, and Adjt. DesBrisay instanced many present-day conversions, and told of some marvelous demonstrations of the power of God.

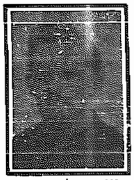
A pointed and telling address by Major Turner brought the first meeting to a close. The closing appeal and an earnest prayer meeting resulted in two souls at the Mercy Seat.

Wednesday: Returned Heroes.

The returned heroes were the officers fresh from the battle's front, and the Chief Secretary, who humorously said he might also be termed such, having been absent the night previous.

Capt. Brookletts, of Aurora fame, dwelt at considerable length on the conquering grace of God and a present-day experience.

Adjt. Walker had been waiting for thirteen years for an opportunity to preach in the Temple. When the chance came, however, he must have forgotten all but the text of his sermon, as it was exceedingly brief.



Ensign Perry, fresh from Western conquests, charmed his hearers in song.

The Colonel's address, on Moses being commanded to erect the tabernacle and sanctify the priests thereof, was deeply convincing. Those present were led to see their need of the sanctifying grace of God, and the necessity of being cut loose from worldliness, and being made meet for the Master's service. One soul sought salvation.

Thursday: Has Beens.

A splendid crowd was present. The King's Orchestra turned out in full force, and by their efficient playing greatly assisted the singing. In the early part of the meeting the question box was opened, and a dozen or more perplexing queries were ably dealt with. We might venture to interest our readers with a few vexing problems discussed, but fear the opening up of unthought-of difficulties, so will refrain.

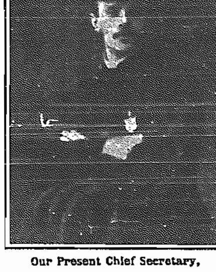
The Headquarters' Quartet sang, "When the roll is called up yonder," and Mrs. Major Smeeton spoke on prayer, the great necessity of it in the home life, in our everyday work, and especially the need of personal communion with God for the supplying of our spiritual needs, and the development of our own Christian experience.

The Colonel took for his Bible reading God's dealings with Job, and delivered a practical address thereon. Backsliders were brought to see themselves as perhaps never before, and a lasting impression was made.

Friday: To Bes.

This meeting had been announced as especially for young people, and was conducted on those lines calculated to encourage the undecided young to consecrate their lives to His cause. The Corps-Cadets contributed one or two selections to the program, and, as representing the young people, Staff-Capt. Creighton spoke of the gladness of the service of God. He reviewed his experience from his entrance into the work as an officer, testifying to the direct and unmistakable call from God to be His ambassador.

"Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ," was the text of the Colonel's remarks. The blessedness of being a follower of the bleeding Lamb, and the kind of service God requires, occupied the Colonel's attention. Very effective was the Colonel's account of his own call to service, how, when a lad of fifteen years, he had considered it his duty to commence preaching on his own doorstep. His coming into contact with the Salvation Army, and his definite call to work for God in its ranks, must have been a source of encouragement to all prospective Candidates for officership.



Our Present Chief Secretary,

As he looked when he was Lieut. Jacobs, at Elgin, Scotland, eighteen years ago.

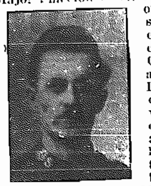
At the conclusion of the meeting silent testimonies were requested from those who had disobeyed God when He had called them to officership. Many stood to their feet bearing witness to the fact that their disobedience had brought to them bitter regret and condemnation. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

The Final Sunday.

From 7 a.m. till nearly mid-night a desperate battle for souls was waged. The Headquarters' Staff, with the Temple soldiery, turned out in full force, and the martial and otherwise effective music of the Staff Band gave inspiration to the day's efforts.

Father Miles, of Barrie, a total stranger to many present, stood as a living exponent of the power of God to deliver from all sin, and testified to the keeping grace of the Almighty. Father Miles disclaimed any relationship to the ministerial brethren, to being a speaker himself—those present were able to form their own opinion on the question. However, Father Miles treated us to some sound common sense stuff, and his talk was both encouraging and inspiring.

Adjt. Attwell's solo, voicing his own testimony, was appropriate; then Major Smeeton dwelt at some length on the necessity of obedience to the commands of God, giving examples, both Biblical and otherwise, where the cause of God and His people had suffered through refusing to walk in perfect obedience to His Divine will and purpose.



The Colonel's remarks were original and of a denouncing character. He likened the spiritual weaklings to babes, and impressed upon all present the necessity, and encouraged us with the possibility, of becoming giants in the spiritual life.

We regret that two week's efforts, day and night, told somewhat on the Chief Secretary's not over-robust health. His spirit is stronger than his body. We had to manage the afternoon without his presence, much to our disappointment. The responsibility of the meeting was shared by several of the officers present. Testimonies were given, the Corps-Cadets sang, Treas. Cranfield personally made known his needs, and his appeal was responded to liberally.

Major Horn preceded his remarks with a short disquisition on anatomy, and sought to point sinners to the source of spiritual life.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanyon managed the Bible lesson excellently, and the vivid description of the appointment of Saul as King over Israel brought our hearts many lessons.

Major Turner commanded, and supplemented the efforts of the speakers by an earnest appeal to the unconverted to seek mercy in the prayer meeting.

A Painted Lady.

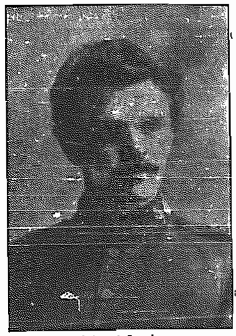
This subject had been the cause of much speculation, and even the great artistic bill-board, although proving a great attraction, failed to reveal the secret. The crowd was even greater than on the previous Sunday night, when "Ghosts," proved such an attraction, and was dealt with so masterly. Perhaps the more superstitious allowed their curiosity to get the better of them this night, and they were anxious to know full particulars of what happened to the lady who painted her face.

Seldom has the writer been privileged to hear the Chief Secretary make such a powerful appeal. The people were brought face to face with the judgments of God at one stage of the address; then followed a telling exposition of God's bountiful mercy. The Spirit of God seemed to write the truth on the hearts and consciences of those present, bringing them to see the loathsomeness of their sins. The prayer meeting was hard, and the foe was obstinate, but prayer, faith, and repeated encouragement brought the victory, and 11 p.m. saw five sinners seeking deliverance, making ten for the day.

Staff-Capt Stanyon,
Chancellor of the O.O.P.

The actual White Crusade effort is ended, but its memory will last. Officers and soldiers have been alive to their opportunities, and God has crowned the efforts put forth during the campaign in seventy seeking for pardon and purity.—H. M.

The serene, silent beauty of a lovely life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of the Spirit of God.—Spurgeon.



Colonel Jacobs,
Our Chief Secretary.

Fresh Facts from the Fraser River.

Our new leader, Ensign Bloss, has arrived, and having got his bearings properly, feels right at home in the "Royal City." We are reaping some seed sown by Adjt. Hay and our persevering soldiers' efforts of the past few months.

The attendance has improved 50 per cent. at the soldiers' meetings, and five converts for one week is something new for Westminster.

Our comrades have boomed the War Cry this winter as much as their time would allow. One dear old man, nearly eighty years of age, who was spoken to about his soul, said he was convicted six months ago by reading the Cry. He called the other day on Ensign Bloss and got properly converted.

A lecture on the Klondike will be given on Saturday night by the Ensign, who went with the first party to Dawson City.

Ensign Bloss was called upon soon after his arrival to hold a funeral service over a poor lost girl who lived back of Chinatown. She lived a life of sin, and then committed suicide. Her companions said she was a backslider, from Seattle, U. S. A. Backsliders, beware!—F. Zurhorst, Reg. Cor.

DYNAMIC QUARTETTE AT MIDLAND.

Staff-Captain Stanyon for Week-end—Seventeen Seekers for Pardon and Sixteen for Cleansing, besides Four Juniors in the Children's Meeting—Twelve Enrolled.

"Good-bye Barrie," we say, and the next place on the list being Midland, we speed away to find Capt. and Mrs. Hanna, who hold the reins at this place. The first meeting was a soldiers' gathering, and after some straight talk from Adjt. Newman and others, we see eight kneeling for cleansing. All pledged themselves to special united service during the revival meetings, and with faith high for souls we went in together, and souls we had.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon graced the Midland auditorium with his presence during the week-end meetings. The announcement of the Staff-Captain's visit was a sure guarantee for good crowds. It is needless to say that the services were not only thoroughly interesting, but God's Spirit came upon us, and in the Sunday night's meeting we counted eight crying for mercy. Crowds were turned away after every available inch of space was occupied. Finances were excellent.

We are sorry to say that for several days Adjt. Newman and Capt. Cornish were both sick in bed, but are again at the front. Capt. Pynn and your humble servant held the fort.

At the closing meeting twelve stood forward and were enrolled under the Yellow, Red, and Blue. We finished with coffee and cake, interspersed with short speeches and musical selections. The total for salvation was twenty-one, and sixteen for the blessing. N. R. T.

C. O. P. COUNCILS.

The farewell of a number of officers in the C. O. P. was made the occasion of a very profitable council with the officers passing through Toronto.

Major Turner, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stanyon, led the first session on Tuesday afternoon. The Major was suffering from a severe cold, but went in to encourage, help, and instruct the officers.

Some officers transferred from other Provinces were welcomed, and one said good-bye previous to going to E. O. P.

After opening with a song and prayer, Major Turner gave statistics showing the advance of the Province for the past year. It is pleasing to notice that nearly every item showed an encouraging increase. The progress of the Junior work is very encouraging indeed. Then came the speeches by the officers, old and new, in the Province. Capt. Poole farewelled in a few well-chosen words; he goes to E. O. P. as T. F. S. Capt. Brooketts was welcomed from the E. O. P., declared she was three years in the Field, and through seeking first the Kingdom of God, had been victorious.

The New Money Man.

Ensign Perry, the new T. F. S., was introduced as the man from the North Pole, and declared, though from a cold country, he had a warm heart, and certainly received a heart-warming welcome, which showed how wrongly-informed he had been by some individual who told him the people here were stiff.

Capt. and Mrs. McLelland sang a duet.

"I fear not the gloom of midnight."

Ensign Sims was then introduced, and a flush came over the council as the Major spoke of the time of sorrow through which he had just passed, in the dangerous illness of Mrs. Sims and the recent death of their child. Much sympathy is felt for these comrades in their great sorrow.

Ensign Parker also made a few remarks previous to Staff-Capt. Stanyon giving a short, thoughtful address, showing the lot of the S. A. officers to be one of very high privilege, and making plain those blessed words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He declared it was a happy way to live, realizing that when God orders, no man can interfere.

Major Turner announced the coming Siege, which includes six weeks of special effort for the conversion of souls and enrolling of new recruits. He made the pleasing statement that figures showed this effort in the past to be a successful scheme. It resulted in the stirring up of officers and soldiers to renewed effort for the extension of the work and the salvation of many souls. The Major's words were straight to the point. Capt. LeCocq sang, "I've found such a wonderful friend," and a very happy and instructive council closed.—Parker.

Wednesday.

As was previously announced by the Major, the morning was to be taken up principally by different subjects, to be handled by some of our worthy bishops; twenty minutes was to be the time given to each speaker, but in spite of the assurances of these eloquent speakers, most of them went over the allotted time.

Adjt. Cameron, "Bishop of the Temple," was the first speaker of the day, his subject being, "What the Twentieth Century Officer Should be." He believed the 20th century officer should be what the 1st century officer was: an example, an all-round man, and a Salvationist in spirit and in uniform. He must believe in the Army, in its doctrines and its government, and must accept its authority; he must be an intelligent officer, having a general knowledge of things; he must be sympathetic and a soul-winner, also a commander. At the conclusion of this eloquent address the Major arose and clinched it on the other side.

The next speaker was the late "Bishop of Barrie," Adjt. DesBrisay, her subject being, "An Unfaithful Steward," and though considerably handicapped in her address by the fact that the next speaker would speak on "The Faithful Steward," yet her remarks were fully appreciated by those present; one very good point was, that the unfaithful steward has as much chance as the faithful, and another was that we shall not be rewarded according to our successes, but according to our faithfulness. A very great reason for unfaithfulness is carelessness.

Won His Laurels.

The next speaker was called upon to deliver an address on "A Faithful Steward," and though he had not had any time for thought much, yet Ensign Perry, the G. B. M. man, made a very good impression upon the hearts of the C. O. P. officers. The Major remarked, at the close of his speech, he had fairly won his laurels as a speaker. The Ensign's speech claimed, first, we should be faithful to our own hearts, and to our uniform—not only the clothes, but the principle. We should be faithful to others; faithful in details; faithful to the Army, and last, but not least, faithful to our vows.

The last speaker was Adjt. Burrows, whose interesting subject was "Details," and though the morning was gone and very little time could be occupied by the Adjutant, yet the best use was made of the few remaining moments. An interesting incident on details was given in the Adjutant referring to the weaver who makes a mistake by putting in one thread too many, and spoiling the carpet, and then having to pay for the same, or redo all his work again.

The interest and attention that was given to each speaker only showed how intense was the desire of each officer present to gain fresh power to help them in their work, and soul, and to make them successful.—Observer.

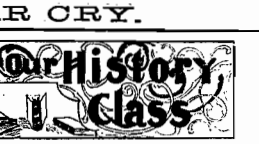
The Last Session.

The last session of this series of councils proved to be a great blessing to all the officers and Cadets present.

The Major reviewed the speeches made by the speakers of the previous session, after which Staff-Capt. Stanyon, the Chancellor, gave a powerful address on the words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He spoke very forcibly upon the relationship of the officer to his soldiers.

The Chief Secretary was announced to give a speech during the afternoon, but was unavoidably prevented from being present; however, Major Turner very ably filled the breach. He chose for his topic, "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." His remarks proved very beneficial to some present, and the face of Ensign Parker fairly beamed with delight as the Major explained how to seek a good wife. The Major made it plain that, as much wisdom and Divine guidance is necessary in seeking a life-long companion, as in anything else for the glory of God. At the conclusion of the Major's address an opportunity was given to the officers present to have a word of personal testimony. Many spoke of the blessings received during the councils, and expressed their determination to go back to their corps to do more daring things for God and the Army.

After a few words from Staff-Capt. Stanyon and Mrs. Major Turner, the Major read to us a beautiful portion of the Word of God, urging us all to be faithful, and as such God would verify in us all the promises He had made.—Mrs. E. Sims.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

Constantine entered Rome as a Christian, and from his time forward Christianity prevailed. He reigned only over the West at first, but Licinius overthrew Dazza, treating him and his family with great barbarity, and then Constantine, becoming alarmed at his power, marched against him, beat him in Thrace, and ten years later made another attack on him. In the battle of Adrianople, Licinius was defeated, and soon after made prisoner and put to death. Thus, in 323, Constantine became the only Emperor.

He was a Christian in faith, though he did not destroy heathen temples nor forbid heathen rites, but he did everything to favor the Christians and make Christian laws. Churches were re-built and ornamented; Sunday was kept as the day of the Lord, and on it no business might be transacted except the setting free of a slave; soldiers might go to church, and all that had made it difficult and dangerous to confess the faith was taken away. Constantine longed to see his whole Empire Christian; but at Rome, heathen ceremonies were so bound up with every action of the state, or of a man's life, that it was very hard for even the Emperor to avoid them, and he therefore at last decided on forming a fresh capital, to be a Christian city from the first.

The place he chose was the shore of the Bosphorus, where the old Greek city of Byzantium already stood. From hence he hoped to be able to rule the East and the West. He enlarged the city with splendid buildings, made a palace there for himself, and called it after his own name—Constantinople. He carried many of the ornaments of Rome thither, but consecrated them as far as possible, and he surrounded himself with Bishops and clergy. His mother, Helena, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to visit the spots where our blessed Lord lived and died, and to clear them from profanation. The churches she built over the Holy Sepulchre and the Cave of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, have been kept up even to this day.

There was now no danger in being a Christian, and thus worldly and even wicked men and women owned themselves as belonging to the church. So much evil prevailed that many good men fled from the sight of it, thinking to do more good by praying in lonely places, free from temptation, than by living in the midst of it. These were called hermits, and the first and most noted of them was St. Antony. The Thebaid, or hilly country above Thebes in Egypt, was full of these hermits. When they banded together in brotherhoods they were called monks, and the women who did the like were called nuns.

At this time there arose in Egypt a priest, named Arius, who fell away from the true faith respecting our blessed Lord, and taught that He was not from the beginning, and was not equal with God the Father. The Patriarch of Alexandria tried to silence him, but he led away an immense number of followers, who did not like to stretch their souls to confess that Jesus Christ is God. At last Constantine resolved to call together a council of the Bishops and the wisest priests of the whole church, to declare what was the truth that had been always held from the beginning. The place he appointed for the meeting was Nicea, in Asia Minor, and he paid for the journeys of all the Bishops, three hundred and eighteen in number, who came from all parts of the Empire, east and west, so as to form the first Ecumenical or General Council of the Church. Many of them still bore the marks of the persecutions they had borne in Diocletian's time; some had been blinded, or had their ears cut off; some had marks worn on their arms by chains, or were bowed by hard labor in the mines. The Emperor, in purple and gold, took a seat in the council as a prince, but only as a layman; and the person who used the most powerful arguments was a young deacon of Alexandria, named Athanasius. Almost every Bishop declared that the doctrine of Arius was contrary to what the church had held from the first, and the confession of faith was drawn up, which we now call the Nicene Creed. Three hundred Bishops at once set their seal to it, and of those who at first refused, all but two were won over, and these were banished. It was then that the faith of the church began to be called Catholic, or universal, and orthodox or straight teaching; while those who attacked it were called heretics, and their doctrine heresy, from a Greek word, meaning to choose.

(To be continued.)

DO YOU KNOW

YOUR PLACE

IN THE SIEGE?

THE LANTERN.

Major E. J. Parker, the Assistant Manager of our New York Trade Department, has written a very compact little book, entitled "The Lantern," which will doubtless prove of greatest interest to everyone using the instrument which now has found so wide a recognition in the service of the Gospel. The Major is an expert in the lantern business, and is, by long experience, well qualified to write on the subject. He has succeeded well, deserving praise and the recommendation of his book, the scope of which he defines in his introduction as follows:

"Thousands of lanterns and stereopticons are being sold annually to those who know little, if anything, of their workings. To such, I believe, a few simple lessons will be acceptable.

"The author's aim has been to bring both theory and practice well within the comprehension of the young people, and he hopes that this little book will be found a trustworthy, as well as a useful, guide to those using or desiring to use the lantern."

The reader will get an idea of the scope and thoroughness of the volume by glancing over the headings of the chapters:

Chapter I.—What is a Magic Lantern?
Chapter II.—The Construction of the Lantern.
Chapter III.—Lenses.
Chapter IV.—Light, and How to Use it.
Chapter V.—The Slide-Carrier.
Chapter VI.—The Lantern Slide.
Chapter VII.—Screens.
Chapter VIII.—Focusing.
Chapter IX.—Demonstration Work.
Chapter X.—Lantern Accessories.

The different makes of lanterns, the various lights used, hints and practical suggestions, etc., etc., make the chapters instructive in every style of lantern operation, while a profusion of excellent illustrations assist the comprehension.

The book is attractively and substantially bound, gotten up in portable form, and is altogether a handy encyclopedia for lantern workers.

It can be procured from the Trade Department for 60 cents.

Corps Correspondents, Attention!

ALL CORRESPONDENTS ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED TO SEND IN THEIR REPORTS REGULARLY EVERY WEEK DURING THE SIEGE. LET THEM BE BRIEF AND ORIGINAL. TELL THE NUMBER OF SOULS WHO HAVE FOUND SALVATION, OR BACKSLIDERS WHO HAVE BEEN RECLAIMED. YOU CAN USE A POST CARD, IF YOU ARE IN A HURRY. MAIL YOUR REPORT EVERY MONDAY. KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN FOR ANY INCIDENT OF INTEREST. YOU CAN DO A GREAT DEAL FOR THE SIEGE BY REPORTING WELL AND PROMPTLY.

ARAB AHEAD AGAIN BY FAR.

The East Discreetly Absent—Mag Keeps Ahead of Nigger, who is Wearied—Kitchener Resumes the Championship.

Hail, Arab, the thorough-bred! Thou art a noble beast! Even though thou dost occasionally fall behind in the race, yet thou dost never slack thy speed much. May thy splendid record never become tarnished.

Mag shows up well. She has been in training long, and kept a steady pace, but the triumphs over Nigger now and then have not been lasting. Recent events, however, seem to point to a determination of the East Ontario braves to feed Mag well, and make her a better horse. Of course, Nigger has seen some glorious days, and I doubt much whether he would be able to bear the humiliation of having to take third place in future; it would break his heart.

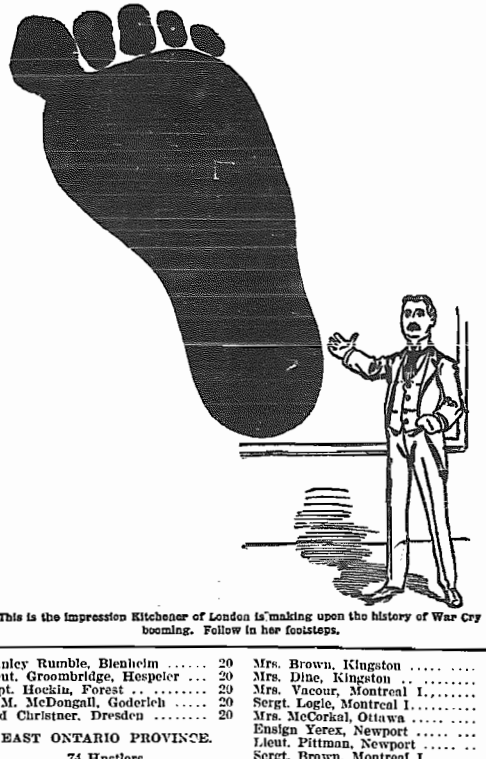
As to the North-West and the Pacific, they are coming on. Among their many good qualities, that of enthusiasm is the least developed. Cultivate enthusiasm; it will warm your blood.

Kitchener is the champion! She was really such last week, only the list did not reach us in time. She leads with 262. Lieut. Crawford is close on her heels with 256; and may yet snatch the laurels from Kitchener's brow. Go it, Crawford! P. S. M. Ries, of Montreal, enters the arena with 206. Well done, Ries!

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

93 Hustlers.

Lieut. Kitchen, London	262
Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	256
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	180
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	117
Lieut. Stickells, Winghnm	110
Capt. Brannigan, Leamington	105
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	95
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	80
Ensign Hollett, Galt	75
Lieut. Carley, Galt	75
Capt. Haley, Sarnia	70
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	70
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	65
Sergt.-Major Benn, Petrolia	60
Sec. Griffiths, Simcoe	60
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	59
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Strathroy	58
Lieut. Fennacy, Palmerston	58
Lieut. Plant, Watford	57
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	55
Capt. Jordison, Hespeler	55
Capt. Fyfe, Wingham	50
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	50
Lieut. Crafts, Guelph	50
Lieut. Edwards, Ridgetown	50
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Seaforth	50
Lieut. Watson, Blenheim	50
Adjt. McGillivray, Brantford	44
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Listowel	40
Capt. Gibson, Norwich	40
Lieut. Pickle, Norwich	40
Mrs. Major Cooper, Essex	39
Sergt.-Major Wales, Essex	38
Cand. Brindley, Strathroy	37
Sergt. Cutting, Essex	36
Capt. Copeman, Paris	36
Capt. Dowell, Strathroy	35
Grace Moscrip	35
Lieut. Crank, Paris	33
Adjt. Wakefield, London	33
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	32
Sergt.-Major Glover, Dresden	32
Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	31
Capt. Coy, Seaforth	30
Corporal Dixon, St. Thomas	30
Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll	30
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	30
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	26
Sergt.-Major Dearling, Hespeler	26
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sergt.-Major Martin, St. Thomas	25
P. S. M. Dixon, St. Thomas	25
Sergt. Hooper, St. Thomas	25
Ensign Scott, Stratford	25
Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	25
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	25
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	25
Sergt. Christner, Petrolia	25
Fred Gallanett, Ridgetown	25
Capt. Harman, Bothwell	25
Capt. Mathers, Blenheim	25
Capt. Thompson, Clinton	25
J. S. Treas. McIlroy, St. Thomas	24
Sergt. Hodgins, Windsor	24
Sarah Wakefield, Forest	23
Sergt. Pettitt, St. Thomas	22
Eva Simpson, Guelph	22
Capt. McCutcheon, Ingersoll	21
Sergt.-Major Virtue, Windsor	21
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
P. S. S.-M. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Sister Downs, St. Thomas	20
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	20
Sister Haldane, Watford	20
Mrs. Coombs, Windsor	20
Maisey Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Mrs. Ferris, Simcoe	20
Capt. Burton, Dresden	20
Lieut. Burney, Dresden	20
Paul Hardacre (7 yrs. old)	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Sergt. Sykes, Stratford	20
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20
Sergt. Garrison, Petrolia	20



This is the impression Kitchener of London is making upon the history of War Cry booming. Follow in her footsteps.

Stanley Rumble, Blenheim	20
Lieut. Groombridge, Hespeler	20
Capt. Hockin, Forest	20
S. M. McDongall, Goderich	20
Dad Christner, Dresden	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	206
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Picton	187
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	146
P. S. M. Barber, Burlington	125
Capt. Burtch, Cornwall	124
Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	100
Capt. Pitcher, Brockville	81
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	78
Mrs. Edwards Ottawa	75
Sergt. Meers, Montreal I.	74
Capt. Green, Trenton	72
Sergt. Burk, Belleville	70
Adjt. Moore, Kingston	70
Capt. Bethune, Burlington	70
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	70
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	70
Lieut. Croser, Port Hope	70
Sister L. Robinson, Peterboro	67
Capt. Huxtable, Arnprior	65
Capt. Owen, Barre	65
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	65
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	61
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg	60
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	57
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Kingston	55
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	54
Cadet-Lieut. Bryan, Gananoque	54
Bro. Clark, Bloomfield	51
Cadet-Lieut. Stata, Sherbrooke	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Hippern, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Carter, Belleville	45
Cadet Owen, Prescott	40
Sergt. Stone, Peterboro	40
Capt. Magee, Perth	40
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	40
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	40
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Lieut. Bushey, Montreal II.	40
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	37
Adjt. Babbington, Peterboro	35
Capt. Gammaidge, Sudbury	35
Lieut. Rutledge, Ogdensburg	35
Sergt. Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	35
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	35
Lieut. Hoole, Napanee	35
Mrs. King, Napanee	35
Mrs. Elliott, Napanee	35
Cadet-Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	32
Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	30
Capt. Slater, St. Albans	30
Cadet-Lieut. Holliday, St. Albans	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30
Capt. Grose, Quebec	30
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	30
Capt. Ash, Belleville	30
Sister Barber, Kingston	30
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	27
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	25
Mrs. Vacour, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. McCorkal, Ottawa	22
Ensign Yerex, Newport	21
Lieut. Pittman, Newport	21
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Father Duquet, Trenton	20
S. Stanzel, Carleton Place	20
Mrs. Hawley, Cloyne	20
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	20
Capt. Randall, Odessa	20
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

69 Hustlers.

Cadet-Lieut. Currell, Barrie	170
Capt. Hanna, Midland	100
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	99
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	93
Sergt. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	90
Capt. A. Parker, Hamilton I.	90
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	80
Sister Golden, Lippincott St.	76
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	53
Lieut. Marskell, Little Current	51
Ensign Lott, Meaford	51
Capt. Carwardine, Hamilton I.	51
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	50
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	50
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	50
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	50
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	50
Ensign Brant, Chesley	48
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	47
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas	40
Capt. Palling, Sturgeon Falls	45
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	45
Cadet-Lieut. J. go, Hamilton II.	45
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	45
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	45
Capt. Liston, Huron St.	44
S. M. Giles, Yorkville	44
Sister Tuck, Lisgar St.	42
S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	41
Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	40
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	40
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Bro. Moors, Lippincott St.	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Adjt. Walker, Riverside	40
Lieut. Stickells, Aurora	39
Lieut. Phillips, Orangeville	39
S. M. Slater, Fenelon Falls	37
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	32
Bro. Carpenter, Orangeville	31
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Huron St.	31
Sergt. Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines	30
Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood	30
Capt. Fisher, Omemee	30
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay	30
Lieut. Gravett, Lindsay	30
Sergt. Richards, Lindsay	30
Capt. Meeks, Yorkville	30
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Stevens, Fenelon Falls	28
P. S. M. Eva Southwell, Huron St	26
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	25
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	25
Corps-Cadet Matchett, Lisgar St.	24
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	23
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	22
Sergt. Dauberville, Hamilton I.	22
Adjt. Goodwin, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Charlton, Ahmic Harbor	20
Lieut. Minnis, Uxbridge	20
Capt. Rose, Uxbridge	20
Millie Courtemanche, Norland	20
Capt. Capper, Kinmount	20
Capt. Clink, Huntsville	20
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	20
Sert. Brown, Huntsville	20
Lieut. Rice, North Bay	20
Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

48 Hustlers.

Cadet Papsteiu, Winnipeg	140
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	90
Capt. Blodgett, Brandon	78
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	75
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	74
Lieut. A. Lawford, Fargo	74
Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, Grand Forks	68
Captain Hall, Lethbridge	68
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Regina	65
Annie Pearce, Calgary	64
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	64
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	60
P.S.M. Jackson, Portage la Prairie	60
Sister Hoepfner, Winnipeg	60
Cadet E. Gamble, Fort William	60
Lieut. A. White, Prince Albert	54
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	50
Sergt. Harvey, Valley City	48
Capt. Brandser, Carman	45
Lieut. Nuttall, Minot	41
Sister Taylor, Winnipeg	40
Lieut. Engdahl, Moosomin	36
Capt. B. Fell, Grafton	35
Capt. R. Taylor, Neepawa	35
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	35
Lieut. B. Moller, Devil's Lake	32
Adjt. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	31
Capt. Smith, Medicine Hat	31
Lieut. E. Cusiter, Fort William	30
Capt. Barrager, Larimore	30
Capt. W. White, Portage la Prairie	30
Cadet I. McLean, Port Arthur	30
Lieut. A. Haugen, Medicine Hat	29
Capt. Meyers, Minot	27
Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	26
Sergt. Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Emma Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Capt. F. Brown, Virden	25
Aggie Stapleton, Dauphin	22
Cadet Morris, Grand Forks	22
Lieut. McRae, Larimore	22
Sergt. Trew, Winnipeg	20
Sister Wilks, Winnipeg	20
Sister M. Nicholson, Winnipeg	20
Capt. A. Pearce, Fort William	20
Lieut. Potter, Grafton	20
Lieut. Hardy, Hannah	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Bro. Preston, Spokane	150
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Victoria	115
Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Helena	95
Lieut. Malcolm, Billings	85
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	75
Capt. Lacey, Fernie	62
Cadet Buck, New Whatcom	62
Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	60
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	58

Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	57
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo ...	55
Capt. Gain, Lewiston	48
Sergt. Huffman, New Westminster	45
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	44
Lieut. Holden, Vancouver	43
Tom Whipple, Vancouver	41
Capt. Theon, Spokane	40
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver	36
Sister Anderson, Helena	35
Cadet Evans, Helena	35
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	31
Ensign Bloss, New Westminster ..	30
Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	30
Capt. Perrenoud, Snohomish	30
Cynthia Cooper, Billings	30
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	30
Lieut. Smith, Great Falls	25
Cadet Sollid, Great Falls	25
Capt. Sheard, Great Falls	20
Sister Sutherland, Helena	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

1 Hustler.

Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	66

STROLLERS' COLUMN.

(Klondike Daily Nugget.)

The Stroller dropped into the Salvation Army barracks yesterday just as dinner was about to be served. He didn't go there to eat; he didn't have to; but what he saw gave him an appetite for his own dinner later in the day. The act of these people in supplying upwards of 100 homeless men with a first-class dinner yesterday contains more of the triple extract of Godliness than any other act performed in Dawson during the year.

An eminent American statesman once said, in discussing the financial question, "The way to resume is to resume." And the way to perform acts of charity is to perform them in fact and not in theory. On many occasions on the outside thousands of dollars are spent in preparation for charity balls, which are the occasion of great display and much theoretic goodness; but after the balls are over and the bills are paid there is usually very little left for the poor, who still eat their dry crackers at the town pump.

It is all right for the deacon to pray the Lord to send Widow Jones a load of wood, but the man who goes and pays for a load and orders it delivered to Widow Jones is a better man than the deacon, even if he never uttered a prayer in his life.

The Salvation Army mixed practice with its theory, and served roast turkey with hallelujah sauce, thereby bringing cheer and sunshine to many a heart which would otherwise have been pervaded with gloom. All honor and all hail to the Salvation Army

MISSING

Second insertion.

JONES, J. A. Telegraph operator and repairer. Last heard of 12 years ago, between Kingston and Brockville. Height 5 ft. 11 in., sandy moustache and whiskers, weight 150lbs.

PALMER, JULIUS. Left Montana about three years ago for America, Alaska. Straight build, dark hair, age 28. Father, Elias Palmer, of Strathcona, N. W. T., enquires.

ROBB, JAMES WILSON KENWICK. Was a trader on the St. Lawrence. Owned two steamers, one named "James Robb." Friends enquire.

COLBY, GEORGE. Age 22. Left Peterboro August, 1899. Last heard of in Savanne, winter 1900. Height 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair, fair complexion, blue eyes. Father enquires.

LOVE WILLIAM. Age 32, height 5 ft. 1 in., fair hair and complexion, grey eyes. Last address Highland Creek, Scarboro, Ont., Can. Mother enquires.

For Band of Love Workers.

THE AMBULANCE CLASS.

CHAPTER III.

BANDAGING.

In caring for the sick it is very necessary to know how bandages should be applied.

Bandages are of various kinds, most of them having special names, either from their originators, from their shape, their use, or, perhaps, from a fancied resemblance to something.

USE.—Bandages are used to hold injured parts together, to apply dressing, to protect the parts, etc.

METHOD OF APPLICATION.—They should be applied quickly, which can only be done after considerable practice; easily, by having everything ready; without pain to the patient; and, lastly, so that they will make a good appearance on inspection.

The parts should not be crowded together by the bandage, but they should be nicely adjusted beforehand, the object of the bandage being merely to give support.

An endless variety of bandages has been invented and used in times past, but a few of the principal shapes include everything of practical value. The more important ones will be described.

THE ROLLER BANDAGE.—(See Fig. 1.)—This is made of bleached or unbleached muslin, which is torn in strips, varying from one-half to five inches in width, and up to ten yards long.

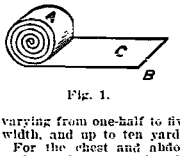


Fig. 1.

For the chest and abdomen, three to five inches is found to be the most convenient size; for the fingers one-half to three-quarters of an inch is proper, depending a good deal on the size of the fingers. Bandages from two to five inches wide should be from five to ten yards long; bandages one and one-half inches wide and less should be from three to five yards long. No precise rule can be laid down in such matters, but the above sizes will be found to be very convenient.

After the muslin is torn in strips, these should be rolled up as tightly as possible; the tighter they are rolled the more easily are they applied.

One method of rolling these bandages is to take one end and spread it on the right thigh, roll up a few inches, and then apply the palm of the right hand to it, roll it up, passing down the knee, the left hand keeping it tense as it is rolled. After a bandage has been started in this manner, it may be taken in the hands and finished.

Bandages rolled in this manner are never so tightly rolled as if the machine had been used.

The edges should be kept true, and, when finished, the loose threads should be picked off and the end of the bandage secured with a pin.

THE T BANDAGE.—(See Fig. 2.)

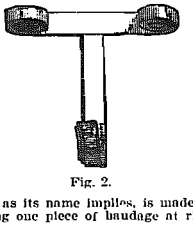


Fig. 2.

This, as its name implies, is made by sewing one piece of bandage at right angles to another. The ends may be of various lengths, according to the use to which they are to be put. The lower branch of the T may be split so as to form two ends. This bandage is very useful in retaining dressings, etc., on the groin, buttocks, and between the thighs. One part of the bandage passing around the waist is tied in front, the branch of the T passing down from behind, between the thighs, and brought up in front, then torn in two strips, one passing on either side, is tied to the band about the waist. This bandage should be made of material three inches wide.

THE MANY-TAILED BANDAGE.—(See Fig. 3.)—This bandage may be made in two ways, either by taking a piece of muslin long enough to cover whatever part of the limb is necessary, and wide enough to go one and one-half times around it, and tearing it from each side toward the centre. The strips should be about two inches in width, and the tears should extend to within two inches of each other in the centre. Or, several strips of ordinary two-inch bandage may be laid alongside each other, overlapping slightly, and attached at the middle to a bandage crossing them at right angles. This latter form is better than the first, because each band can be made to overlap the previous one, and thus support it.

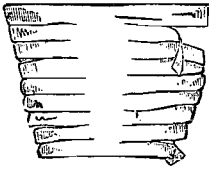


Fig. 3.

This bandage is principally used for the lower extremity, when dressings are to be removed and re-applied without disturbing the limb.

In applying it, the central portion is to be placed against the posterior surface of the limb, and the corresponding ends brought together in front and tied snugly over the dressing.

THE MALTESE CROSS.—(See Fig. 4.)—This bandage is made of any required size by simply taking a square piece of muslin and cutting slits from the four corners to within two inches of the centre. At the centre, a small opening the size of a dime should be made, to allow the discharges to escape. This bandage is mainly used for dressing stumps of amputated limbs, as it folds around them smoothly, the ends overlapping each other.

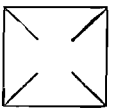
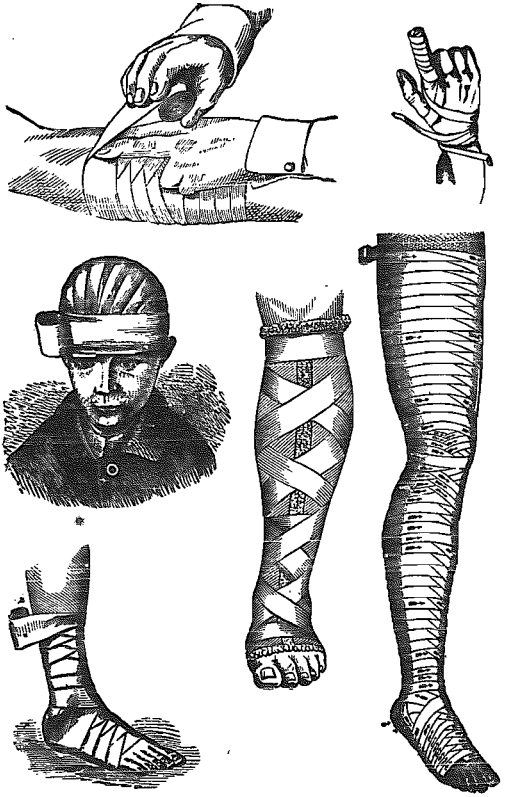


Fig. 4.

THE TRIANGULAR BANDAGE.—In one shape or another this form of bandage has been used from time immemorial, but the late Dr. Esmarch, of Germany, has brought it into prominence. As recommended by him, it consists of a single or double thickness of cloth (muslin is to be preferred), the lower border of which is four feet long, the two sides each being about thirty-four inches in length. For many purposes this size is convenient, but it may be made of any convenient size. Several diagrams will be given, showing how it may be made use of for supporting the arm, etc.



BANDAGES.

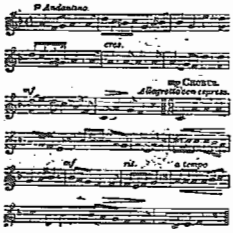
How to Wash Woolens.

No part of the laundry work is, as a rule, so unsatisfactory as the washing of woolen garments. The structure of woolen fibre is so different from that of linen and cotton that it should receive different treatment in the laundry. Rubbing and wringing cause the woolen fibres to knot, thus giving us a thickened and shrunken fabric; therefore woolen goods should be sopped and squeezed to remove the dirt, and the water should be pressed out, not wrung out.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

He that hath light thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

HOLINESS.

SOLO.



Tune.—Holy Spirit, seal me (B.J. 158).

1 Jesus, my heart is panting to obtain
The fulness of Thy Spirit now:
Oh, cleanse my heart from every stain,
And leave Thy mark upon my brow.

Chorus.

Holy Spirit, seal me just now,
At Thy cross, helpless, I bow:
Only like Jesus I long to be,
Holy Spirit, seal me, I pray.

Seal Thou my lips and let them only speak,
The language that Thy ear will not offend;
Seal Thou my sight, and let it seek
The sights whose glories never end.

Seal Thou my thoughts, and keep them ever pure,
Redeem from sin's polluting stain:
Seal Thou my steps, and make them sure
To walk Thy way, come joy or pain.

Seal Thou my heart, and always let it cling
To objects only that are dear to Thee:
Seal Thou my voice, and let it sing
Of Thy unchanging love for me.

Begone, Vain World.

2 Begone, vain world! Thou hast no charms for me,
My captive soul has long been held by thee;
I listened long to thy vain song,
And thought thy music sweet,
And thus my soul lay grov'ling at thy feet.

What are thy charms? Could I command the whole,
Thy mingled sweets could never feed a soul.
A nobler prize attracts mine eyes,
Where trees immortal grow,
A fruitful land where milk and honey flow.

My soul, through grace, on wings of faith shall rise
Towards that dear place where my possession lies:
That sacred land at God's right hand,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where Jesus pleads, and makes my cause His own.

Consecration.

Tune.—All I have I am bringing to Thee (B.J. 151).

3 All I have by Thy blood Thou dost claim,
Blessed Lord, Who for me once was slain;
Now Thine own I will give Thee,
I know Thou wilt take me,
Though long Thou hast pleaded in vain.

Chorus.

All I have I am bringing to Thee,
All I have I am bringing to Thee,
In Thy steps I will follow,
Come joy or come sorrow,
Dear Saviour I will follow Thee.

With my all at Thy cross, Lord, I part,
See, I bring Thee my mind and my heart;
Here's my body and spirit,
My all, Thou shalt have it,
I'll live for Thy glory alone.

Though by darkness my future is veiled,
Here's my all, for Thy love has prevailed;
I no longer will doubt Thee,
I know Thou dost save me,
My life shall be wholly for Thee.

Experience and Rejoicing.

Tune.—He called me out of darkness (B.J. 155).

4 Long in darkness and doubt did I wander from God,
Just the slave of myself and of sin;
And I saw not the hell at the end of the road,
Nor the danger I daily was in.

Chorus.

He called me out of darkness into light,
Out of darkness into light;
He called me out of darkness into light,
The wondrous light of God.

Oh, the world of the future was nought to my heart,
And the claims of my God I ignored:
While in no life but this had my soul any part,
Till I knelt at the feet of my Lord.

Happy all the Day.

Tune.—Nelly Grey.

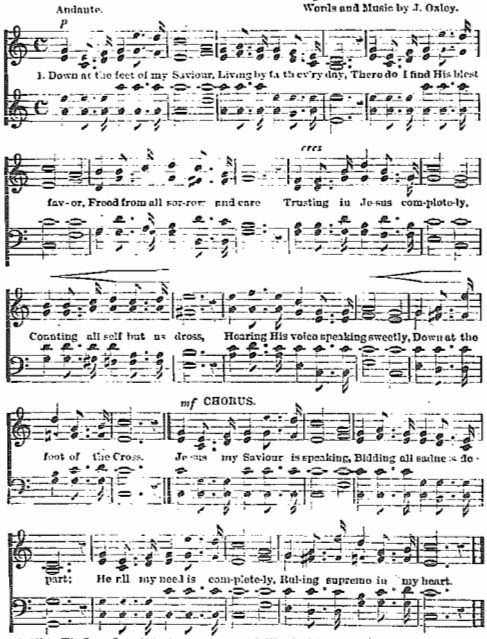
5 Oh, how happy are they who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus' great love.

Chorus.

Oh, I'm happy all the day,
Now my Saviour I obey,
And I never mean to grieve Him any more;
For my Saviour He has washed me
In His all-atoning blood,
And I hope to see Him washing many more.

Down at the Feet of my Saviour.

Andante. Words and Music by J. Oxley.



2. All to His Cross I am bringing,
All at His service I place
Simply to Jesus I'm clinging,
Fear now all conquered by grace.
Free from all doubt would hinder,
My soul at last finds its rest;
Having the love of my Saviour,
Richly indeed am I blest.

3. Wonderful grace He is giving,
Grace all my wants that can meet;
His joy my soul too is filling,
While I bend low at His feet;
Down at His Cross I am living,
Finding it bliss there to be;
There I true peace am receiving,
While He is speaking to me.

That sweet comfort is mine; now the favor divine
I've received through the blood of the Lamb,
With my heart I believe, and what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

'Tis a heaven below, my Redeemer to know;
The angels can do nothing more
Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long, is my Sun and my Song,
Oh, that all His salvation might see!
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer and die,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

Salvation.

Tune.—Come to the Saviour (B.B. 3).

6 Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Ye sin-burdened children of men;
He left His throne above to reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

Chorus.

I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the Blood of the Lamb!
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

Why do you linger? Why do you linger?
Oh, when will you haste to be saved?
Your time is flying fast, and your day will soon be past,
Oh, arise now, and come and be saved.

Pardon is offered, pardon is offered—
A pardon full, present, and free;
You will not be denied, for on Calvary Jesus died
That saved every rebel might be.

Plunge in the fountain, plunge in the fountain,
'Tis the fountain which cleanses the soul;
The fountain which cleanses far and near, and its streams are flowing here:
Oh, enter, and thou art made whole.

At the Cross There's Room

Tune.—At the Cross there's room (S. M., 1. 343).

7 Sinner, wheresoe'er thou art—
At the Cross there's room!
Tell the burden of thy heart—
At the Cross there's room!
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thy guilt and fear;
Only speak, and He will hear—
At the Cross there's room!

Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not—
At the Cross there's room!
Seek that consecrated spot—
At the Cross there's room!
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast,
In the Saviour find thy rest—
At the Cross there's room!

Thoughtless sinner, come to-day—
At the Cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say—
At the Cross there's room!
Now a living Fountain see,
Open there for you and me,
Rich and poor, bond and free—
At the Cross there's room!

Blessed thought for everyone—
At the Cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done—
At the Cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
Oh, that all the world might know—
At the Cross there's room!